

## Quiet My Chaos

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## Quiet My Chaos

by [chaosminion](#)

### Summary

There is a curse on Jotunheim and the only way to break it is to offer its youngest prince in marriage.

### Notes

As this author is a real sucker for arranged marriages and dark characters, here is a bit of both! Warning for dubious consent later and Asshole!Thor. I am fully aware of how toxic and awful this gets, but an abusive relationship is not a pretty thing to write.

## The Curse

The small Jotun slipped through the columns of the throne room in silence, weighed heavily down by the atmosphere of the room. He knew his father would be here, and alone. Laufey was always alone after that creature had come and gone. Off to the side in an alcove stood his father, the proud king's head bowed as if a heavy yoke were around his neck, and as he drew nearer Loki could see why.

Before the king lay twenty bodies, of various states of gross disfigurement. Twenty warriors in the prime of their life, smashed and broken lying beneath robes of fur. Without meaning to, Loki looked them over, following the heritage lines to identify the ones he didn't know.

Loki recognized Brumlyr, a fierce fighter of the royal guard who was brutally honest yet fair. A nasty burn mark crossed his chest and exploded out the ribs on one side. That same mark continued into the corpse lying next to him. More holes burned into his torso. The skin was blackened and crisp, hotter than fire.

It was Kus, new to the guard and had just mastered the short javelin. He had been so proud when he finally dumped Loki's uncle on his ass in the training yard.

There was Rubinur, and Rinalb, and Luffy, an enthusiastic helper in the stables. And many others Loki had seen in the guard or near the palace. Some of them he didn't know, but knew from the lines on their body what clan they belonged to. It made him cringe inside how many they had lost. Their bodies were mangled and broken, many of the bones showing where they had been smashed. Several faces were unrecognizable.

They had fought hard, and had won much honor.

Yet still they died.

Loki sighed, coming to stand beside his father and survey the cost of the day. "He has come again, and it took more to stop him this time. It was promised this would be the last time. Do you think his revenge has finally been met?"

The king was quiet, accepting Loki's presence without protest. Absently he lifted a hand and brought it down to stroke the dark head of his youngest son. It was a gesture from his childhood that Loki permitted as it brought his father some form of comfort in this moment. He wished he could give more.

"His rage has not abated over the years," the king replied. "Twenty years it has been. This was supposed to be the last. According the pact we made. Twenty years of paying a heavy price. But this is not enough. I fear this curse will never be taken from us."

Loki looked up to see the sorrow written on Laufey's face, the lines that had been written there alongside the heritage circles. Loki bore the same lines on his face and forehead, a long line of proud Jotun rulers. Proud and foolish. His father's pride and arrogance had cost their realm much in the past. Thinking he could conquer Midgard the Allfather had chastised them harshly, leaving their realm in bitter poverty.

It has taken centuries of rebuilding to get back to a working kingdom. Hard work and hardship and lean storm seasons and finally the people were beginning to prosper again. Births were more common and were overcoming the deaths, and no one was hungry anymore.

Only there was a terrifying monster who came to Jotunheim every year without fail. Every year they have had to send their strong warriors to contend with him to keep him from destroying Jotunheim entirely. One day, from sunrise to sunset, the monster had free reign to destroy, and that day the frost giants fought for their lives, their home, and their families. They never knew when he would come, or where he would strike. There was no rhyme or reason to his endeavors, only a thirst for revenge from a personal loss that he held all of Jotunheim responsible for. Every man, woman, and child. They called it Odin's curse.

"This needs to end. We have sacrificed enough to appease him," Loki said, his voice soft but firm. Laufey's hand faltered on his head. The king knew he was right, the frost giants had paid dearly for Asgard's revenge. "We have lost good warriors and men that we cannot afford! He is a menace and we live in fear of when he will come to spill more of our blood!"

Laufey was quiet for some time. It was a testament to how weary and burdened he was that he did not immediately dismiss his son's words. "What would you have us do? We have petitioned the golden throne but Odin Allfather is unable to control the mad fury that brutal monster possesses. He has tried to contain his son, but the man hold the intensity and power of a winter storm. He is nearly unstoppable and he cuts down our strongest men like younglings. Can we trust the oath of a madman that he will stop?"

Laufey thought that once the last year of the curse was finished then everything would be settled. The monster would be appeased and his people could go back to living. He could breathe once more and not worry about the blood price. But the relief he had been hoping for did not come. Instead the chill sank into his bones.

Here Loki took a breath and braced himself, for the solution he had was not one his father would like. In fact, he would loath it.

"There is one path through this ice cavern. One that has potential to stop his rampage and settle his troubled heart. It would complete the pact you made with Odin twenty years ago. Father, it is time to send me to Asgard."

A knife could have sliced the thick air between them and Laufey's hand had stopped entirely. It was the inevitable solution that Laufey had been in denial all this time.

"No. No, I will not!" His low voice rumbled down to the frozen floor and the temperature dropped. "I would surrender my own eye to my enemy before I send you to your death at the hands of that monster!"

Loki remained calm in the face of this opposition. "You knew this was coming. He once had great honor, and was the pride of the nine realms."

"He lost that honor when he mocked the slaughter of our people! He comes to kill and laugh while he commits such crimes! A beat like him would brook no treaty, as his only wish is to destroy us! To send you as a prisoner would gain nothing but your death, and I cannot.... I cannot lose you."

Loki was silent for a moment as the words rang in his ears, then he pressed on. "Not as a prisoner, Father, but as a bride. Odin still has the power to command his son to marry. That was the contract, was it not? Did he not make an oath?"

Now Laufey looked stunned and he shifted away from the grim row of corpses to a nearby bench and sat down heavily, putting his head in his large hands. Loki had always compared his father to an immovable boulder, strong and unyielding. Now he was bowed over and his skin was ashen. "You are mad. That would never work, my son."

"From what I hear, Odin Allfather is just as desperate to bring this to an end as we are. He has already agreed. If only to force his son to honor the oath he swore." Loki drew closer, the bangles on his ankles jingling softly. "You oppose this so vehemently because you know it has merit. Our strongest warriors cannot stop him, and it is the end of the curse, so let *me* try. I can bring him to heel and quiet his chaos. Our people will stop dying and the realms will know peace again."

Laufey was quiet for a moment. It sounded reasonable, and yet he had seen with his own hands the destruction the son of Odin caused. How could he deliver his youngest to that? Laufey knew himself well, it was the selfish father instinct to protect his own young. "I agreed to it in order to placate Odin. The reason we have suffered these tragedies is for the promise of a treaty at the end."

"Yes and treaties come with a price."

"We have paid that price!" Laufey snarled, pointing at his fallen subjects. Loki bowed his head so he would not have to look, the sharp grief and righteous fury burning in his gut. "You say he will not do the same to you. How can you be so certain?"

There was a brief pause as Loki tried to gather his confidence and gave his signature insolent grin. "I am Loki," the smaller one said with no small amount of cockiness. "Have I ever failed you?"

Laufey chuckled. "You have not, my son. You have brought a father much pride, though you've cut my life short with all the worry that comes with it." His red eyes turned with a plea to his youngest, and Loki was shocked to find they were moist. Laufey had only ever cried once in the history of Loki's life. "You are my treasure, Loki. Do not ask this of me. I have resisted this day for as long as possible."

Loki had to swallow the thickness in his throat. He stepped in close and let his father pull him into a hug, a rare show of affection for adults. Now it was his turn to stroke the other's head, comforting as best he could.

"I cannot bear to lose anymore of my kin," he said softly. "We have done our part now Odin must do his. This is the only assurance we have that it will be honored. I have a plan and I must do what I can before we lose everything. Thor will not stop and you know it. Despite his oath, if we do not change his thinking then the slaughter will continue."

He laid his arguments down and became silent, letting his father brood and think it over. Sometimes the best way to convince someone is the persuasion of silence. It was a long time as he waited, for Laufey never made a hasty decision. But Loki had much practice in this regard.

Finally the king's shoulders slumped in defeat, he pulled back and looked his son in the eye. "You can guarantee that you will be safe?"

Loki raised a brow. "I go willingly into the arms of a howling thunderstorm. I accept the danger it brings, yet it will not overcome me." The details of the agreement had been no secret to Loki; He knew the marriage was the final step, had known what his duty and sacrifice would mean since the beginning, and he was going to face this challenge with single-minded determination.

Perhaps Laufey saw that conviction and that his son would not be swayed, for he nodded and slowly stood on his feet. "I shall send a letter to the Allfather that we are prepared to fulfill the final article of the pact. He still may refuse."

Loki pulled a thick document from his robe and handed it over with a small smile that held only a tiny amount of guilt. "Send mine as well. It explains in detail what I plan."

Laufey gave him a wry look. Leave it to Loki to have everything in order. He took the letter, unhappiness in every line of his body. He was sending his last and favorite son to the monster who had been terrorizing his realm, certain that only death waited for him

The son of Odin would take all that he cared about, and return it covered in blood. Oath or no oath.

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Asgard was gripped by the fiercest argument the realm had ever known. The sky above the city too open with lightning and thunder as the king and crown prince shouted and screamed at one another, one commanding and the other hotly rejecting the order. It lasted all day, back and forth as the servants avoided the room where they were.

*It had been long enough, the king said, and Thor had had his twenty years of vengeance. It was time to give it up and honor the pact made. Thor screamed back that it would never be enough, not until Jotunheim was a barren, empty wasteland.*

*How long before your heart of stone allows itself to weep for the lives you have taken?*

*When all of Jotunheim knows my pain!*

*They have suffered your pain for twenty years! You will agree to the marriage or Asgard will be closed to you, no longer your home, a cast out in the meanest, most humble realm I will find for you.*

*So it is to be chained to Laufey's get or exile?!*

*You agreed to it just as I did. Twenty years of blood for a bride. I will not have the realms know Asgard as oath breakers! It is time you put aside your childish temper and begin to fulfill your duties!*

The argument and storm raged on, but finally it ended, with the king victorious and the crown prince storming out of the palace in a towering mood, intent on destroying something. The inhabitants of the realm had learned long ago to stay out of their prince's way. Many missed the good prince that Thor used to be, the one who laughed easily and fought bravely and whose heart was for the people and the realm. He had once been large and golden and shone like the sun.

Not anymore. This prince was dark and broody and never smiled except when he was killing frost giants. The realm was drenched in rain and storms for days as Thor had his last tantrum. The streets and rivers flooded, hail fell down on roofs, and it took all of Odin concentration and the support of mages to break the line of storms.

Two days later it was announced that Asgard and Jotunheim would sign a treaty and there would be a royal wedding. A son of Laufey was coming to live in the palace. This news was met with trepidation. How would their prince, who had vowed to slay every living creature on the frozen realm, take to having a Jotun spouse?

How long would the boy survive?

# Arrival

## Chapter Notes

The comments on the first chapter were so encouraging, thank you!! A huge thanks to mia\_03 for being a great beta!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A month was all that it took for the two realms to come to a treaty and set a date. Odin was not willing to wait any longer than that. The threat of disowning his son would only hold Thor for so long before he would tear at the lines once more. For two decades Odin had watched his son grow more burdened, more violent, more broken in his grief that he directed into rage. The realms suffered among with him.

This Jotun's plan had better work.

Thor for his part ignored all the set up and planning, spending his days riding with his companions or staying in the training yard, beating his friends to a pulp who took it in quiet suffering. They knew that to leave him alone would only make him more volatile. Volstagg had to be taken to the healers with a broken arm, though he insisted with a pale face that it was fine.

On the day Loki and his retinue arrived at the Bifrost the sky was dark with storm clouds. He viewed the scene with amusement, as it was a clear reflection of his betrothed's temperament.

Someone was having marriage blues.

He was met with honor by Odin himself and a host of guards, as well as several court members and Odin's personal advisors. Loki was not fooled. Half of the people here were looking at him with suspicion; they wanted him here even less than their prince.

As he stepped up to the king and bowed the sky cleared and the sun shone down brightly, nearly stunning the giants who were used to the dimmer light of Jotunheim. Loki met the gaze of the king and smiled. It seemed as though the king still held supreme power over the realm, despite the efforts of his son.

"Welcome to Asgard, Loki, son of Laufey. I, Odin Allfather, bid you peace. It is fitting to finally unite our realms."

"My father was most pleased to hear of your agreement," Loki lied with ease. Laufey had broken his favorite chair when he got the return letter. Odin might know of this already, but this was about appearances. "He expressed his concerns for my wellbeing but is eager to see our relations between realms improve."

Odin nodded slightly. "Laufey holds you in high esteem. It speaks of his trust for us that he would send you here."

Or his desperation, Loki thought to himself.

A few more platitudes later and Loki was walking by the king's side down the wide road towards the soaring architecture of the city, and the palace in the center, the shining jewel of the realm.

Loki was bursting with nerves, but his exterior was calm. While his kin in the back were staring at the sights, and the *color*, Loki was studying the king. He was older than Laufey, or at least he appeared to be. The armor sat on him well and the crimson cape gave him an intimidating figure, but Loki could see the strain it caused, the effort it took to stride along with a straight back and a lifted chin. Odin looked burdened, the lines along his eyes were deep from trouble as well as grief. His great spear was half walking cane and his step was slow, pretending to be stately.

Despite himself and the knowledge that this was their long standing foe, Loki felt compassion. The past twenty years had not spared the eternal, it would seem. Odin was just as desperate as Laufey, else he would not have agreed to such a marriage.

The walk was actually pleasant, as Odin took the time to point out many landmarks and gave a general history of each one, answering any question that Loki had about the realm. It was interesting and Loki learned much in the time it took to draw close to the gates. By that time the sky had darkened again, the threatening clouds gathered, obscuring the cheery sunshine.

Odin's mood darkened with the sky and he became quiet, glancing up from time to time. His power had been usurped, and he was not happy. The party made it inside the halls before the sky broke and poured down buckets of water.

Loki looked upon rain for the first time ever and found it wonderful. It was crisp and cool and blew a gentle breeze into his face. It smelled different than snow, more moist and warm. He would probably never admit it to his betrothed, but the deluge had been a gift and certainly not what he had intended.

"It shall be clear in three days, this I swear," Odin all but growled.

Loki smiled at the king, feeling more relaxed now than before. "I have no doubt. Meanwhile I shall enjoy this new experience my future husband has given me. Don't tell him I found it pleasing."

He shared a conspiratorial wink with Odin and saw the older man blink in surprise then twitch his lips. "He shall not hear it from me."

Loki and his retinue were escorted to the bridal chambers and they unpacked what was needed for the wedding. His three attendants took out his jewelry and shook out his robes. Loki wore more clothing than a normal Jotun, as his thin frame and shorter height made him feel the chill more. Based on what he had seen of the courtiers, his idea of fully clothed was still scant compared to theirs.

The next two days passed in frantic activity. Loki was given a tour of the palace and was seen by the royal planner who went over the brief ceremony and gave Loki a basic understanding of how the day would go. He would meet his betrothed in the antechamber and together they would walk down the length of the hall to the throne where Odin would speak the words to bind them. They would utter their vows, then would appear before the people as husband and wife.

The royal planner stuttered at that, unsure really of what to say so as not to give offense. Loki was clearly a prince, yet tradition was an unyielding institute. Loki only smiled benevolently and said to introduce them as 'a married couple.' The man looked relieved.

Loki successfully charmed the servants and spoke kindly to anyone he met, and by the end of the second day the palace staff were happy and the court was baffled. Just who was this strange Jotun? He was not anything like they had believed of the race. Perhaps he had a chance to calm their prince after all. Even the stewardess spoke highly of him as she worked to put together a wardrobe with the palace tailors.

Thor was not seen once. It was a flip of the coin whether he would show up for the wedding.

The third day dawned and Loki dressed very carefully for the ceremony. All his nerves were back. He had only had glimpses of Thor back in Jotunheim and all of them had been unpleasant, a distant viewing of a reckless destroyer. He had been a terrible sight, and the wind carried to Loki's ears the sound of his manic laughter.

And this day Loki was going to marry him.

They draped his short curling horns with chains of gold, the long strands extending over his head and down the dark length of his hair. Tiny rubies dangled from the ends. A wide torque went around his neck, stamped with the crest of Jotun kings. Loki kept the bracelets to a minimum, but his ankles jingled with each step he took. Soon Jotun gems and salt would begin to flow into the Asgardian coffers, as per the treaty, and other goods would make it to his people. And the killings would stop. Hopefully.

Then he waited. His stomach was in knots, but he went through seidr breathing exercises to calm himself down. A few bits of fruit was all he was able to eat, though his attendants tried to make him eat more. They would return to Jotunheim after the ceremony, with the news that it had gone well to Laufey. Loki had not wanted to antagonize his husband by leaving more frost giants in the realm. Better not leave it to chance.

At last Loki was escorted to the antechamber, which was empty except for him. Forcing himself not to pace Loki shifted from foot to foot, knowing that Thor was making him wait on purpose. He still had no knowledge if their first meeting was going to be a disaster.

Just get through the wedding. If he survived the night, then he could survive anything.

The door banged open, making Loki jump slightly in surprise. In strode a man larger than life, the crisp, broad edges of his cape expanding his width, appearing massive next to anyone else at his side. Loki was used to being surrounded by giants, men who towered over him, and it had long since stopped bothering him. Thor was a different category altogether. He wasn't just bigger, his manner made him loom, and the dismissive sneer on his strong handsome face made Loki swallow a feeling of foreboding.

Thor walked right up into Loki's personal space, grabbed his chin and lifted it, turning his face back and forth as Loki tried not to wince and pull away. It was difficult to keep the burning anger from coloring his face at the tremendous insult of being looked over like a new possession.

"So this is what they bring me? This is the so called treasure of Jotunheim?" Thor demanded, finally letting him go. Loki's lips thinned, but he remained silent. Thor saw his pinched expression and a broad grin split his face. He looked pleased to have put Loki's back up.

"What an honor to meet you," Loki said with no small amount of irony. He stepped back and adjusted the gold on his horns. "Yes, I am Loki. It was good of you to follow tradition and honor the waiting period before the wedding."

Thor frowned; he had not intended to follow any such tradition. Of course Loki was making it up to throw him off, and it seemed to be working. He silently congratulated himself. Thor looked angry for being forced to go through with this, but he was here. Loki could work with it.

"Well, now that you are here, shall we proceed down the aisle?" Loki asked, holding his hand out for Thor to grasp.



Thor regarded the hand, his face like stone. Loki began to feel cold. If he refused, or worse, if he reached for the hammer at his belt, then all would be lost...

"I want you to know, little giant, that if it were up to me you would have been slain the instant your foot touched the soil of this realm."

Loki did not answer, stubbornly meeting Thor's hard blue eyes, wondering just how lost they had become, and how far would he have to break Thor to get his results. The thought of his fallen kin, put to death by this monster, marched before his thoughts.

"I am not afraid of you, husband," he replied quietly, not rising to the threats. "I came here to protect my people. If you wish for a Jotun surrogate to unleash your wrath upon then you have it."

"And yet they sent one so small! Do they think to insult me?"

"You should not underestimate me."

Thor chuckled without humor and something cold slipped down Loki's spine.

"We shall see."

Upon hearing the cure from outside, Thor gripped Loki's hand, pulling roughly and causing him to stumble to the large doors in order to keep up. He kept his dignity and matched Thor's stride, lifting his chin and staring straight ahead as they walked down the length of the massive hall, through the attending courtiers and the large gathering of Aesir.

There was some cheering, for the people still loved their prince, but Loki spotted more than a little fear and trepidation on the faces they passed. How could a single Jotun soften the prince's heart? They knew Thor would rather bed a dragon. This was going to end in war.

Loki wrapped himself in confidence and relaxed into his role, going over all the details in his mind. He was a prince through and through, and he knew how to act in public. This would work, it had to work. Two realms were counting on him.

His hand was beginning to hurt by the time they climbed the steps to reach the Allfather, but he couldn't pull it out of Thor's grip. He settled for it being bruised later; it would be the least of his worries.

Odin glanced between them, his look rebuking his son and fortifying Loki. Of all the people in the room, his support was crucial. He knew exactly what he was handing Laufey's son over to. If there had been any other choice he would have taken it. But there was something solid and powerful about this quiet Jotun, that gave Odin a sliver of hope.

The sun poured in through the open columns, as the the Allfather's benevolence shined down on the new couple. The cheerful sunshine seemed to dampen Thor's mood, but he could do nothing about it, forbidden from summoning a thunderstorm. Odin began with the blessing, speaking so solemnly for a wedding that Loki wondered if he was reading the wrong speech.

Thor's presence was a bonfire next to Loki, the heat from his body and the underlying simmering anger coming off of him in waves, and his trepidations were rising again. This man was responsible for slaying countless of his kin, warriors, and plain folk of Jotunheim. Scores were dead because of him. There were images of rows of corpses frozen in his father's hall on Loki's mind. Silent and begging for justice. People he had known, people he had liked.

This was madness.

The ceremony was drawing to a close rather quickly, much to Loki's surprise, and Odin was making the announcement, bidding the couple to face each other and speak their vows.

Loki kept it simple. He spoke the traditional words and heard them echoed by the deep thunder tone. Somehow Thor managed to make the vow sound sarcastic and insincere, and it looked like he could barely stop laughing when he promised faithfulness. Loki was no fool, but Thor would have a surprise if he thought he could ignore Loki.

For his part, Loki would touch no one but Thor.

Then the time came for the oath, and Loki held his breath, every line of his body tense. When Odin asked if Thor's revenge was complete, and now the frozen realm would be released from the curse, Thor was silent.

Loki waited, his heart in his throat. Odin waited with a scowl, silently rebuking his son.

"I will keep my oath," Thor finally said.

Loki swallowed the trembling relief, determined not to skew emotion. Odin nodded once to accept it. He had his word, Loki had Thor's word! Leaving his home was worth it for this.

At last the Allfather's great staff marked the ground three times, the sound ringing over the quiet hall. He announced in a strong, yet grim, voice the union of Asgard and Jotunheim, and the people let out a mighty cheer. Even if it ended in disaster tomorrow, the people could pretend today that all was well.

Together Thor and Loki paraded around the hall, then Odin led them to a balcony overlooking a large courtyard where the mass population of Asgard had come to see Thor's bride. When they saw the couple the noise was deafening. Loki actually smiled and raised a hand to wave. He knew his role, even if the people were different. It would not hurt to draw the people to his side.

"To the feast!" Thor suddenly yelled, snagging his new spouse around his waist without a backward glance at his father. "Come on, my bride. Let us lead the people in merrymaking." There was a glint in his blue eyes as he towed Loki along, through the break in the crowd, and the couple were the first to make it to the feasting hall.

There was a score of random traditions that Thor seemed content to either ignore or commit with such mockery that, in any other instance, Loki would have slapped him. Thor served Loki a plate of food, but chose mostly meats and the toughest parts, hardly edible. Loki served Thor a plate and piled it high with vegetables. Thor only laughed and tossed that plate to the floor, demanding meat and mead.

Loki fought to remain unshaken.

When it came time to share a single cup of wine between them Thor once again took a hold of Loki's jaw and tipped his head back, pouring half of the glass down his throat. Loki sputtered and choked, holding tightly onto the wrist that held him, some of the wine spilling down his front.

No one seemed to notice, the loud, raucous members of the feast were blind in their complacency.

Wiping his mouth as best he could, Loki kept a firm grip on his composure, even as Thor watched him closely with a challenge in his hard eyes. If he thought such a small insult would shake him, then the Aesir was dead wrong.

As calm as ice, Loki took a sip from the shared cup, and just when Thor had thought he had won

the round, Loki gripped his blond hair, brought their lips together, and kissed him. Thor startled and opened his mouth to protest and Loki released his mouthful of wine, his tongue grazing along his husband's lip on the way out.

Thor looked furious, while Loki sat back and daintily nibbled on a piece of cheese. Around them Thor's friends drank and laughed a little too loudly.

"You try my patience, little giant," he growled low for Loki to hear.

The Jotun lifted a single shoulder and dropped it. "I daresay I shall be trying more than that, husband."

He hissed as his wrist was crushed in Thor's hand, the wrist bones threatening to break.

"Do you really wish to do this here?" Loki demanded, red eyes flashing. "Or have your manners left you entirely?"

After a moment the harsh grip relented and Loki had to resist the urge to rub it. For a moment Thor looked capable of murder. Now he sat back and smiled as if nothing had happened.

"You have spirit. Soon you'll be mine, then nothing will stop me."

Loki refused to answer, letting his silence speak for him as he found a grape and chewed it. Thor called for more mead and filled his mug numerous times. His jokes with his friends were ribald and lewd, and for the rest of the feast he ignored the man sitting beside him.

From the head table, Odin watched his son with a grim expression, seeing every cruelty and insult. Inside his heart broke a little more to see his once joyous child so twisted. Guilt rose up as his eye flickered over to the sacrificial lamb, who bore it all with a quiet perseverance. Odin could hardly believe he was Laufey's son, he was so small compared to his fierce rival. Yet he seemed as immovable as a glacier, as steady as a boulder, which were definitely Jotun traits.

And beneath the reserved demeanor Odin could see the cunning mind and the sharp intellect. The next few months ought to be interesting.

Hours after the sun went down Thor declared himself drunk enough and got up from the decorated bench, gesturing for his husband to follow but turning and leaving without a glance to see if he would. Indigo dusted Loki's cheeks as he was forced to get up and follow behind, hoping this would be the last of the night's insults.

Loki caught up with Thor in the hallway and trailed behind the red cape, his nerves returning in force as they approached the couple suite, and the marriage bed. If the wedding ceremony had been any indication, this was going to hurt.

## Chapter End Notes

It gets ugly in the next chapter, warnings ahead. Also don't hurt me.

# Know Your Place

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is unbeta-ed so forgive errors. I didn't want to make you guys wait longer. Thank you everyone who left comments they are great!!!

I guess I should warn for the content here. Pretty sure some are going to hate it very much. I'm pretty nervous about this whole thing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The heavy door closed behind Loki with a definite thud and Loki found himself once more alone with Thor. The new suite he found himself in was tastefully decorated with drapes and tapestries to soften the gold colored walls. It should be gaudy, yet it worked. Three days was hardly time to get used to all the vibrant colors that this realm provided, and sometimes a new shade would surprise Loki with its brilliance.

There was a large hearth with a warm fire crackling in it, though it was not the main source of light. Furniture and rugs completed this outer sitting room, and Loki brushed a hand along the back of a lounge chair. It was all very comfortable and he liked it.

The open door to his left revealed the bedroom. Drawing near he spotted the crimson cape discarded on a foot stool, his eyes following the lines of the room towards the bed, which looked inviting and cheerful.

Thor, however, did not.

He was standing near a weapons rack as he removed the ceremonial armor, the pieces making clanging noises as he ripped them off. He glanced over and scowled. "Are you shy? With your choice of attire I had thought otherwise. Get in here."

It was not a request. Loki's mouth felt dry, but he slipped over to the vanity and removed the worst of the jewelry. The torque he laid on velvet and thinking about the ceremony he took off the last bracelets. There was a mirror that allowed Loki the angle to spy on Thor, his eyes drifting over the defined back muscles as they removed their outer layers, the arms bulging with each stretch. He looked strangely over developed, as if he did nothing else but training exercises.

Loki was about to remove the gold from his horns when Thor spoke up. "Do all filthy Jotuns dress like strumpets, or is that reserved for the royal family?"

Loki took a deep breath and chose to ignore the comment. "You've been there often enough, what does your observation tell you?"

Thor leaned against the rack and grinned. "I assumed the ones I killed were warriors, not pampered princes."

Oh his anger burned hotly, but Loki would not let it show. Thor did not feel even the smallest bit of remorse for his crimes, even wore them proudly! "Then that is your answer. Since metal is a sign of status for my people we like to show it off. Especially for weddings."

Thor snorted. "I did not know savages were capable of having status."

"Then my time here might help to fill in your ignorance."

A few loud steps was all the warning he had before his head was pulled back by his hair. Loki yelped and stared up at blazing blue eyes, and he wondered if he had gone too far already.

"You will keep your forked tongue behind your teeth, Jotun!"

"I have a name!" Loki spit back.

"It has little value to me. You were sent here for one thing only: to placate me. You'll do well not to stir my anger or you'll feel the back of my hand."

Loki doubted there was anything he could do that wouldn't make him angry. Wisely he kept his silence, gritting his teeth against the pain in his scalp. "You're hurting me," he said in the quiet, counting the seconds until the grip finally relaxed and he could pull away.

Thor didn't apologize. Instead his hands drifted down to Loki's shoulders and the pins that kept his robe in place, snapping the thin metal and yanking until the gauzy white material fell away to the floor and left him topless. Loki sat stiff in the chair as the hands touched him, watching Thor's expression in the mirror. He still smelled heavily of mead, and Loki didn't think he was completely inebriated. Just dangerous.

Thor's face revealed none of his thoughts as he looked Loki over, brushing the dark hair away from his shoulders in tender contrast to the pain a moment before. It was... nice, Loki allowed himself to relax slightly. That was, until the large hand slowly crawled around to the front of his neck, holding Loki's throat in a firm grip. When he swallowed Loki could feel the calluses on the palm from a certain war hammer and he went absolutely still.

"I could crush you now, and no one would know for hours," Thor said quietly, his voice sounding as curious as Loki felt, as if they both questioned if he would actually do it.

For the first time Loki allowed his lips to pull back in a grin. "Oooh, well you could try, husband."

The grip tightened. "Think you that I am incapable?"

"Not at all. Only that you won't. That would not bring the satisfaction you crave."

"I will not be satisfied until every blue skinned monster is dead. Including Laufey and all of his kin."

There was such hatred in his voice that Loki almost gave up his chances for his plan to work. He swallowed again and tilted his head back in quiet submission, though every atom of his being screamed to fight instead. "Then you can save me for last and have your fun. What good is a dead enemy if you can't humiliate him first?"

Thor didn't answer. For a long time neither of them moved, then Thor's hand relaxed and his thumb brushed along Loki's jaw.

"Why have you come, little giant?" He wondered.

Loki met his husband's eyes with resolute ones of his own. "To placate you."

Thor let a breath out through his nose, lips twisting down as he released Loki's throat. "Get on the

bed," he ordered in a clipped tone. Loki rose with sinuous grace and scrambled over the top of the bedspread, feeling a little more calm as the moment had arrived. Still, his heart was pounding and he did not yet know how best to please Thor, as he had slept with no one before this night.

Thor grabbed him by the ankle and yanked Loki closer, tugging on the last of his garments until the ties gave way and it was discarded on the floor. Thor remained in trousers and a loose shirt, and Loki blushed deeply at being the only one naked. It didn't help that the man immediately spread Loki's thighs as far as they could go and studied him like a specimen.

"Ah, so you do have a cunt! They told me you would, yet I would only trust my own eyes. Is it common among your people, or are you unique?"

Loki's face was entirely indigo now, his jaw clenching at the rude language. "It is not so very common. Are you interested in only looking?" he snapped without thought, earning a grin of triumph from Thor.

"Here I thought you wanted to be humiliated," Thor teased, his hands running possessively across their flasks.

Loki gave a derisive sniff. "That is your goal, not mine." Thor's touch was hot against his cool skin and distracting. Loki's pulse speed up in anticipation, his breath deepening as he worked to stay relaxed and grow accustomed to the touching. He recalled how quickly Thor's touch could turn from appealing to cruel in an instant. Still, he could not keep the small sighs from dropping from his lips.

"It seems even monsters are capable of desire," Thor mocked, sliding two fingers into Loki's hole, causing the Jotun to gasp and grab a fistful of blanket. It has been unexpected and the intrusion of the digits was strange, causing him to tense. He dared not address the 'monster' comment.

Thor's long fingers found Loki's back wall, pushing against it until Loki wanted to scream. He bit his lip and muffled it, lying still and reminding himself of the plan. His overly optimistic plan. He was glad now that he had prepared himself beforehand with soft oil, it eased the way for Thor's fingers.

A few slow pushes in and out, then Loki felt his body begin to respond. He grew slick and warm, his cock twitching in interest at the stimulation. A couple of breaths and he relaxed again, bringing his hands up to hesitantly touch along Thor's sculpted chest. His skin was bronzed and warm, the muscle beneath hardened with work. Loki could appreciate a toned body.

Until Thor slapped his hands away. "Don't touch me unless I tell you."

It was a verbal smack, and Loki recoiled. There was no mistaking how the Aesir felt. Loki was a filthy Jotun, and he was beneath them. *Know your place*.

Thor retracted his fingers, taking off his shirt and sliding his trousers down around his hips. Before Loki could ask if they would remove them as well he was pushed down by a thick arm on his chest, a sharp cry leaving him as Thor's weight settled on his lower half, his legs stretched too far the sides to accommodate him. A gasp lifted his lungs as he felt a hard presence at his entrance and Loki fought against panic. He wasn't ready, he was barely prepped, he would tear...

But Thor was uncaring and relentless, breaching him with a grunt as Loki cried out and scratched a line of furrows across the man's back. Thor was big, or he felt big, he felt huge! Loki ached inside, clenching unconsciously against the intrusion. He heard a groan that ended with a whimper and realized it was him.

"You're right, this is fun," Thor commented lightly as he drew out enough to slide back in, his teeth nipping at Loki's shoulder in retaliation for the scratches.

Loki groaned, clutching the broad shoulders tightly, heedless of the rebuke from earlier. He might be stretching but he was not breaking, and Thor was solid and strong and if he just held on then maybe he would survive this. Maybe.

Thor held him down as he rocked them together, clearly chasing his own pleasure and paying no mind to Loki's comfort. Loki writhed and pushed but could find no relief until eventually his muscles seemed to give out and he lay gasping beneath them, trying to ride it out. Thor's touch was a brand, creating bruises on Loki's hips and waist.

Then somehow it got worse. Thor pulled out and turned Loki to his stomach, giving him no time to recover before pressing back in. This new angle was fresh agony, Loki clawing at the blanket beneath him.

"What's the matter, little giant? Is my cock too much for you, hmm?"

Loki did not dignify that with a response, but it did cause his anger to rise which served as a buffer against the discomfort. He growled in his throat and pushed back, hearing a satisfying grunt from behind. Thor took that as permission to go harder, which Loki was not prepared for. His unbridled cries filled the chambers as he took the punishing pace, his eyes beginning to water and spill. The heat spread through his body, the friction creating fire. Loki thought he felt the shadow of pleasure, a release of tension inside that finally allowed Thor's girth to feel good rather than too large. If he could hold onto that feeling, let it grow....

Loki felt Thor tense, his grip on Loki's hips tightening, then a stuttering breath and Loki knew they had released. Finally they were still, Loki's heavy breathing loud in the quiet room. He swallowed down the last of his groans, shaking slightly as he rested his head against the mattress. That hadn't been so bad... He thought with dry humor. He couldn't move or pull away yet, and his arms were shaking from holding him up. He really hoped he wouldn't vomit.

A low sound behind him and the bed shifted, the huge presence sliding out of his body, leaving him gaping and weak. *Please let it be over, please let me relax*. Thor said not a word to him, striding to the adjoining bathroom to clean while Loki panted on the bed. Loki glanced to the side when he returned, watching as Thor put back on his shirt and boots. Loki frowned and lifted his head, wondering what they were doing.

"Where...are you leaving?"

Thor shook his head. "You think I'm going to sleep next to a Jotun beast? I've done the part my father demanded. You belong to me and now I need a drink."

Loki tried to sit up and winced as his stomach protested. "So you'll just abandon me here?"

"With your size I'm surprised you hadn't been abandoned before now." Thor continued leaving his boots.

Red eyes burned with rage, his fingers twitching and aching to reach for that thick throat. This was impossible. He was going to fail because he was going to *kill* this bastard.

*No, don't let your anger get the better of you!* A voice in his head cried.

"And you call *us* savages," he sneered, touching between his legs where it burned.

Loki found himself on his back again, shoved down by Thor's heavy hand. He snarled up at the close face, his claws sinking painfully into their collar. Thor ignored it as they glared at one another. For a while neither of them moved. Would it always be a stalemate?

"Listen, you wretch. You are here in *my* realm, in *my* bed, at *my* mercy. You are not Laufey's little pet anymore. You are little more to me than a whore and I shall do as I please with you. I don't care what your motives are for coming here, but I'll make you regret being presumptuous enough to change my mind about your filthy race."

Loki struggled but suddenly the weight was gone and Thor was collecting a darker colored cloak from a stand. "Don't wait up for me, dear," he remarked as he fastened it around his shoulders, striding from the room without a backwards glance.

Loki stared at the door, chest heaving but the sound of the outer chamber closing drove home the fact that Thor was actually gone. He screamed into the silence and kicked a pillow from the bed, letting loose his rage, shame, and humiliation. How dare he! How *dare* he! To try to speak reason with such a man was be pointless, as it was clear the only emotion he harbored was hatred!

Loki wanted to take Thor's righteous red cape and shove it down his beastly throat until he choked. Or, he could suspend Thor from the ceiling by his hair. Or, slowly roast his toes over an open flame. Anything to make that monster feel the same agony as Loki felt now.

One thought calmed him down, and it was the ache between his legs that reminded him of his reason for being here. Thor had not killed him. Step one was complete.

Loki had survived.

## Chapter End Notes

So for everyone who wants Loki to 'fight back'.... You're going to have to wait a little while. :)

It gets better, I promise. There is a process and eventual happy ending.



# A talk with the King

## Chapter Notes

Author is still nervous, and I wish I could say the worst is behind us. But the comments have been encouraging and I'm thankful ya'll are still with me. <3 Again, this chapter is without a beta, but I'm going ahead anyway. I'm nearly done with this, and I'm eager to post it all.

No dubcon in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Loki limped his way to the bathroom and settled on a stool while he ran a cool bath. His abdomen ached and he could not sit up straight. Everything was sticky and the skin was red and inflamed in between his legs. He felt broken inside, his hand curling and pressing against his stomach, as if rubbing would make it feel better. He ought to see a healer, but Loki needed to be discreet.

But he was relatively unscathed, no cuts though the blood he had expected was hot on his skin, and bruises peppered his hips. He had cream to help with those. The blood was runny and covered his thighs, but he knew it was not as bad as it appeared. His first time had been bad, but not worse than he had expected. It would get better after this, he was sure, and he would be prepared and know what to expect.

If only he could make this sick feeling go away. He felt so tired.

He settled into the bath with a sigh, the cool water warm on his foreign skin. It was soothing and helped to calm his inflamed skin. He cleaned himself and sat for a few minutes until his composure cracked and he indulged in a choking cry, covering his mouth with a hand.

He was alone and far from home, married to a man who hated him deeply, his body ached and would ache on the morrow. The way before him looked more bleak than ever. How was he supposed to reach such a man bent on hurting as many people as he possibly could?

Loki had no answers. He finished his cry, cleaned his face, and dressed in a clean robe for bed. He didn't know if Thor would return that night or not. Might as well rest while he had the chance. He collapsed back on the bed, as far away from the damp spot on the edge as he could, and curled up instinctively with his hands up around his horns for protection.

Sometime in the night he woke to the sound of someone in the room. The bed dipped on the other side and the smell of alcohol hit his nose. Loki settled back down. It would seem Thor had decided to return to bed. His husband said not a word, and a moment later Loki heard Thor's not so quiet snores.

When he woke again the sun was up, flooding the room with its soft natural light. Loki lay still for a moment and wondered if last night had even happened. Was he still in Thor's rooms? What fresh insults would he suffer today? His pride might not be able to withstand such attacks.

Fuck that, he decided. He was Loki, and Loki always got what he wanted.

Sitting up in bed was a task, his muscles aching and his stomach protesting. Loki turned to search for Thor but the bed was empty, the blanket pulled back and ruffled. Loki frowned, wondering how a man so full of alcohol managed to get up so early. He made it to the breakfast table and when he searched he found the cord to summon the servants, ordering a hot but light meal. His stomach still felt sick, rolling and protesting anything more than a roll, but he choked down several bites to keep up his strength. He would need it, and this foreign food was very good once his appetite would return. He didn't know of it was the crushing hopelessness or the rigorous pain he felt, but Loki wouldn't allow it to stop him. He ate as he considered what he would do with himself for the day. Clearly Thor didn't care how he occupied himself.

*You mean little more to me than a whore.*

Loki's anger burned fresh at the memory, but he reminded himself that he didn't care. He didn't! Let Thor think of him as such. It would only suite his plans. Loki would be justified in the end, and he would force Thor to kneel and *apologize*. Oh yes that sounded perfect.

The breakfast helped to settle his stomach and Loki got dressed in a comfortable mix and match of both Jotun and Aesir attire. Leather pants that flexed with him as he moved and light weight slippers, so his tender feet would not blister on the hot stone. He wore a gauzy draped green shirt from his chest and put on a couple of bracelets, toning down on the jewelry. He would need to adjust to Aesir standards now.

Then he went on a walk around the palace, to show his face and gauge the mood in the hall. He kept his pace slow and knew how old Odin felt, hiding the pain and discomfort he felt with more measured steps. Loki greeted every person he met with a nod and a word, seeing both surprise and guilt on some faces as he passed. He wondered how many of them had bet that he wouldn't last the night. Fools, all of them.

The halls were quiet, as the guests were mostly sleeping off the effects of the feast. He passed by one courtyard that held a relaxed training ground and saw at least one courtier who was not in bed. It was a maiden, and she attacked the wooden target with a vicious arm, her shouts and cries ringing up from below.

Loki watched for awhile until he felt a presence by his side. He tensed until he recognized the stooped shoulders and the solid white hair of the king.

"Greetings, Allfather," he said respectfully. He got a soft grunt in return, perplexing him. Together they watched the warrior maiden until she had thoroughly demolished her foe and stood heaving in the middle of the courtyard. The wind picked up her brown hair and scattered it.

"That is Sif," Odin finally spoke. "I told her to release the steam that builds up in her veins before she did something foolish. She did not approve of Thor's treatment of you at the feast."

Loki regarded the king in silent surprise, personally amazed that anyone had noticed, then gave the woman another look. She was cleaning her spear and picking up the pieces of the target. She didn't look calm. She still looked like she wanted to kill something.

"That is... kind of her," Loki spoke carefully. He wasn't sure what to think about it. "If I have need of someone to defend my honor I suppose I could do worse."

Odin chuckled, his lips pulling back ever so slightly, but the smile was gone in an instant. "She is the best. She misses the way my son used to be. They were as thick as blood those two."

"I think the rest of the Nine mourn with her."

Odin nodded absently, then turned to brush past Loki. "Walk with me, my boy."

Unable to refuse, Loki followed at the king's elbow, his lips thinned slightly at being called a boy. He was no youngling, but he could not contradict the king. Without knowing the full layout of the palace Loki did not know where they were going until the gold walls and columns gave way to outside air with double terraces filled with green plants covered in every shade of color imaginable.

Loki stood in wonder as he gazed about the garden, taking in the soft petals and gently waving grass and the trees laden with fruit. At first it looked like a mess of plants, then Loki untangled the order to the chaos. "This is astounding," he said, brushing fingertips across laughing daffodils.

"This place was tended by my wife," the old king said with a sigh, finding a nearby bench and lowering his creaky bones to it. "She loved it here. It is carefully seen to by others now, but it retains a touch of her soul, I think."

Loki was quiet, wondering if the king had brought him here to talk about his wife. It was certainly a subject that Loki burned with curiosity over. He wandered around a bit while Odin soaked up the sun, patiently waiting until Loki joined him on the bench.

"Tell me about the queen," he asked, his tone even and respectful.

Odin gave another sigh. "To say she was beautiful is to say that the sun rises in the morning. She was capable of anything she set her mind to. Challenging her in her own domain was like asking for your balls to be removed."

Loki's snicker broke into a cough in order to hide it.

"Frigga was love and comfort and motherhood incarnate. She could freeze a man where he stood with a glance, or make a person feel like they had never left home with a smile."

"She sounds wonderful," Loki said, feeling the same ache as he thought of his own mother. He knew the queen had been a strong pillar of the monarchy, that her presence was keenly missed by the populace. But here in her garden, so lovingly crafted and grown, she seemed more of a person missed by her family. Or at least, by the husband she left behind. "You still love her dearly."

Odin closed his eye and gave a nod. "I do. And I miss her more than anything." He turned enough to pierce Loki with his gaze. "How do you fare? Are you well?"

*Did my son hurt you?* Was the unspoken question.

Loki shifted uncomfortably on the stone seat, aware of the renewed burn of his abdomen. So this is why he had been brought here. "I am well," he said softly, though he knew it did not convince the king.

Odin tisked in disappointment. "Don't lie to me, boy. I had no trouble walking ahead of you today. Do you require a healer?"

"No!" Loki shook his head and lowered his voice. "It will pass. I cannot go see one anyway. It will come back to Thor."

The king tapped a finger on Loki's thigh. "The head healer was a personal friend of my wife's. She knows how to hold her tongue. Though she might just threaten to tan Thor's hide. She remembers when he was born."

Loki fought against a smile and failed. "She sounds as formidable as the queen."

"Aye. They were shield maidens together. Eir is known to hold her patients down and pour her healing brew down their throat. It is nasty stuff, she has to."

Loki thought about what to say, how he would reveal the cruelties that Thor was capable of. He decided it wasn't worth adding to this man's troubles and shook his head again. "I am well, Allfather truly. Shall I dance to prove it?"

Loki's teasing smile was met with a grim expression. Didn't this man ever laugh?

"There is no need to spare an old man's feeling. I know what he's like." Odin shifted on the bench and scowled at his hands. "I wish... there is so much I wish for. But I've done everything I could short of disowning him, and your letter sounded so hopeful. Tell me, Loki. After yesterday, what has impacted your plans?"

Loki took a deep breath as he thought about his answer and how much to reveal. He glanced around the garden to make sure they were alone.

"We are shielded," Odin said in response. Loki flushed slightly.

"Thor has had no one to challenge him in some time," he began. "He is still wild and unstoppable. He believes all frost giants are responsible for his mother's death and my entire race needs to be wiped out. It is his denial and inability to move on. Of course he's only fought against warriors thus far, and has not been forced to face an innocent woman or youngling. He has only seen what he wants to see."

Odin grunted. "So you will force his gaze upon you in the hopes to gentle his thoughts. Make him rethink his idea of the frost giants he hates. How do you plan to accomplish this?"

"By following him wherever he goes. I will get to know all the tavern owners and their families. Whenever Thor turns around in his favorite tavern he will see me. When he trains I will watch. When he attends a court function I will be by his side and in his sight. Every day he will be forced to interact with me, forced to face his hatred and temper until it wears him down and burns out and he has to either kill me or acknowledge my race's failure is not who I am."

Odin stared into the distance as he thought this over. "That is a long and painful road."

"I am patient," Loki replied. "I can weather his storms with a gentle touch. And while I am here and close enough to give him a target, he will not be seeking out my kin to spill their blood to appease his wrath."

Odin stroked his beard for quite some time, getting up to pace around the peaceful garden. "One as young as you should not be placed in such an environment. It is my own failing that has brought us here. It should not be necessary for you to put your life and body on the line to protect a realm!"

Loki shrugged as the king ranted. "And yet what other choice do we have? He does not listen to blunt reason, so we must be subtle."

"It will be hard. Thor has a lot of anger and a lot of energy. Twenty years was not enough for him. He already makes up excuses for war in his head, though I have shot down every one. Have you any back up plan in case this slow course is blocked by his sheer stubbornness?"

The Jotun weighed the options carefully and gave in. "I shall conceive."

Odin's steps came to a halt. "Ah, I see. You will provide a future heir."

This is where Loki tossed the dice. "If Thor is unable to be saved.... if he threatens the balance of the nine by attempting to destroy a realm and all the people in it, then he must be stopped by whatever means necessary. You still have the power to take Thor's away. This is the one course of action that you have resisted."

Odin looked more burdened as he nodded. "I have. I waited for the wisdom of how to comfort him.... I could not bear to lose a son as well as my wife."

Loki stood up, slowly as he tried to hide the discomfort, and crossed over to the king. "I understand the love you bear for him. The love you bore for your wife. I do not believe that he is beyond redemption. Your son is still in there somewhere, buried beneath the grief. I will find him. And if I can't restore him to you, I will give you his prodigy to start anew. This is my plan, and....It shall not succeed without your help."

Placing a hand on the king's shoulder, Loki waited until Odin covered it with a spotted and wrinkled one and nodded his white head.

"You shall have it. Come to me for anything, understand? Whatever you need, even a friendly ear." Odin patted Loki's hand and smiled for the first time. "How ironic. It is not lost on me that the son of my greatest enemy should offer himself as the salvation for my own."

"I think Father would be pleased to be called your greatest enemy," Loki replied, making Odin chuckle.

His old hand gripped Loki's in a tight grasp. "You deserve better than what my son is now. I do not regret bringing you here. I do not like it, but I will stay out of your way and let you work. If I show you favor then Thor will resent me. More than he already does. I will keep my distance. Bring my son back to me, Loki, and I will forever be in your debt."

Loki met their gaze and felt the strength and power of a mighty warrior, one who had seen and suffered much. But he wasn't just a warrior, nor a king. Loki saw a father, one who was desperate and fearful for his child. He could only nod, weighed down with this impossible promise.

"I swear."

## Chapter End Notes

So..... does anyone else think Loki's plan is doomed to failure? \*nervous laugh\*

# The Best Laid Plans

## Chapter Notes

Author is pretty nervous. Here is some more asshole Thor and how he mistreats Loki. Should I tag for racism? I dunno, you guys tell me.

I promise I won't make you endure much more of this. Warning for abusive behavior.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After his talk with the king, Loki got to work. Odin shared with him vital information about Thor, such as how often he trained, where he went in the city, what councils he avoided, and which ones he had an interest in. Not surprising, but Thor spent more time with the war council than any other. Loki learned about Sif and the Warriors Three, Thor's closest and oldest friends. He also asked about Thor's favorite foods and drink, which horse he commonly took from the stables, and how often he left the palace.

Odin knew because he watched his son carefully. Five days out of seven the realm had at least one thunderstorm. Thor's rage was felt by all, and the constant atmospheric pressure was depressing. It had gotten worse over the years, not better. The people did not go outside without a hooded cloak as they never knew when they would be caught in a deluge. Odin had a hard time keeping up with the weather to prevent the crops from failing.

Loki had his own raincoat, oiled and spelled to repel water. The constant moisture in the air made his hair curl drastically, but he found various creams in the bathroom that helped. The staff who cleaned the couple's chambers were helpful and kind to him, though they feared and avoided Thor. It was not unusual for the big blonde to toss a goblet of wine at a slow servant, but as long as Loki spoke gently and asked politely they adored him, despite his heritage and strange looks.

Putting his plan into action was easy. Thor would get up before him in the mornings, staying for breakfast only half of the time, and Loki would discover what his plans were through servants or staff. On the days Thor put on his training clothes Loki shadowed the outer fences of the training arena, or casually spoke to the captains or guards when Thor was striding past. Thor never acknowledged his presence, but from time to time he would stop his sword exercises to demand that Loki leave. When he did Loki would disappear for a time, only to be in another place when Thor went for a drink.

The prince's friends noticed him, but did not approach to speak to him, fearful of Thor becoming angry. It was a lonely vigil, and Sif would scowl at Thor whenever Loki showed up. That was good, she might speak up when he needed her to.

Eventually Thor gave up and let Loki spectate. Later, Loki would praise Thor's skills and his husband would quietly listen, soaking it in. Thor liked praise, and Loki was willing to give it.

Other days Thor went out to the city, either alone or with one of the Warriors. Loki just 'happened' to be in the market, or buying books at a vender, or enjoying a cool glass of wine in the first tavern Thor would walk into. It drove the man into a furious rage, but Loki would only feign innocence if challenged.

"Why, is it a crime to get to know my new home?" He would ask, red eyes wide as the barkeep watched nervously and scrubbed his clean goblets. Thor was gripping the handle of his hammer and the storm outside looked to be at its breaking point.

"Ah, but while you are here husband, and I am here....why not join me for a glass of this excellent wine? The beer is not so bad, either." Loki smiled as open and inviting as possible, a shining beam of optimism in the face of Thor's scowling disdain.

Thor's shoulders twitched, and it looked like he might sit down. Then his hand snapped out, knocking Loki's goblet out of his hand and to the floor, spilling red fluid everywhere.

"Asgardian wine is wasted on you," was all he said before turning and stomping off.

Loki flicked drops of wine from his fingers. "That was petty," he said, but Thor was beyond hearing, shutting the tavern door behind him. Loki cleaned the wine up with a simple spell, apologizing to the owner while the owner apologized to him. He lingered long enough to make sure they were compensated then headed back to the palace.

His day was over and he was no closer to his goal. It was immensely frustrating how Thor resisted him. Loki was either ignored or mocked, and their evenings were spent in tense silence. Loki kept himself occupied with quiet studies, just being there and available rather than trying to engage Thor when he was in a foul mood, which was often.

There were times when Thor would notice the book that Loki was reading, or Loki would ask about the history of the realm. Once Thor warmed up to the subject he would go on about ancient battles and celebrated warriors, usually his father or grandfather, King Bor. It was in these rare moments that Loki would see him relax and smile and forget his company.

Loki lived for those moments. He could see the old Thor beneath the bitter surface, just waiting to be set free. The talk would wind down until he sensed the sadness along the edges of Thor's words, but just before he could offer some comfort the man would shut down, remember who he was speaking to, and end up leaving the room. Loki would not let despair rule him. He could break through Thor's tough exterior, given enough time.

More often than not Thor came in late and half drunk, shouting for Loki to take his boots. Loki dreaded that, for he could never tell if he would be ignored or kicked. It was a toss up, apparently. But he went down on his knees anyway, gently unlacing and sliding the boots off, being obedient and willing. He wanted to show there was more to a frost giant than savagery.

"Will that be all, husband?" He would ask, rubbing the back of Thor's calves, his shoulders tilted to let the material of his shirt hang from the bones. His dark hair soft and curling, his blue skin glistening with frost crystals in the firelight. He very rarely had a chance to show off his vulnerable side.

But that did not seem to be enough. After the first night Thor was reluctant to touch Loki too often. Loki would catch him clutching his fist and staring at it, as if he could hardly believe it belonged to him. There was a haunting shadow in his eyes every time Loki invited him to bed, and he would refuse, lying down silently on his side. Be it guilt or some form of self denial, it was a wrench in Loki's plan.

But Loki eventually got Thor to bed one way or another. One tactic was wearing appealing clothes and casual touching, another was just lounging completely naked on the couch as he read. Thor was a man, and a man had needs. He was not the most tender of lovers, but Loki felt as if each time was better than the last. If only he could get Thor to kiss him. As long as Loki kept himself

prepared it no longer hurt, either.

Getting Thor to engage in sex was a battle, one that made Loki frustrated. As much as he loathed the man's manners and mocking attitude, his careless remarks and his raised voice, Loki *needed* a child, and he did not know when he would be fertile. Thinking back to his conversation with Odin, Loki went to visit the head healer and found yet another friend.

Eir was witty and capable in her post, stern as steel, yet kind. She greeted Loki warmly and listened to his request, then crafted a fertility tea that would make his chances greater to conceive. She also spoke about the late queen and bid Loki to come see her for anything he needed. Loki thanked her, but kept his secrets, and his bruises, hidden beneath an illusion of good cheer.

The good outcome of shadowing Thor was that Loki became well acquainted with the palace, staff, and the people. The markets were a wonderful place to mingle and view trinkets from far away realms. Mothers showed him their awe struck children and craftsman wanted his opinion on their work. It was gratifying, and often Loki stopped by a fountain to tell the children an old Jotun nursery tale, complete with illusions that ran and made sound.

He stopped by the fountain that Thor would walk past, of course, and smile shyly as his husband scowled in confusion at the scene. Let him look on this perfect picture of domesticity, and let it grow in his mind. A small child was nestled in Loki's lap, and he was laughing along with the children. Thor watched in silence, his legs twitching as if he wished to fold them and sit next to the children to listen. But at the last second he turned away, shaking himself all over.

Loki would suffer Thor's wrath later, listening to him scream about putting Asgard's children in danger, then earning another smack on his jaw if he tried to talk back. Thor would not apologize for shoving him into a table, or knocking him to the ground, and Loki wouldn't lower himself to demand one, though he burned deeply with rage.

Stay quiet and complacent, Loki had first thought. Win Thor over with gentleness, not screams.

Clearly, this was not working.

In this way, months passed and Thor announced he was going hunting with his companions in the forest nearby. When Loki asked if he could attend, he was laughed off.

"Why would I suffer your company when I wish to relax?"

Loki pressed his lips together and responded with a quiet, "As you wish, husband."

He had something up his sleeve, however, and went to speak with the palace cooks.

The hunting day dawned sunny for once, as Thor would not have his sport spoiled. Loki watched him ride off, laughing loudly with his companions, from a balcony shrouded in shadow. His loins ached from that morning's rough sex, and his wrist hurt. It irritated him that Thor could simply ride off and leave him behind.

One day Thor would answer to him, he told himself. He would seek Loki's permission before any such ventures, and would bring Loki the choicest of meats. One day. This would not last forever.

He spent the day in the library, enjoying the peace and quiet. He found a tome of children's tales and was fondly looking at the illustrations. He wondered if Frigga read this book to Thor when he was young. Would Thor even sit still for it?

The stories about frost giants were most informative.



Tucking a few books under his arm, Loki returned to his chambers in time to hear from the servants that the prince had returned. They had slain a mighty elk and the cook was creating from its meat tonight's dinner. Loki thanked them and was confident the cook would follow his instructions. Then he bathed and prepared himself just in case, and found an innocuous corner by the open air to read by. One that Thor would not immediately see him in.

All too soon the thunder god himself stomped in, glowing with life and sweat and drifting behind him the smells of the forest. He was in good spirits for once and shrugged his spoiled clothes off without having seen Loki.

Damn him, Loki thought, as he looked and yearned. Were it not for his ugly temperament, Thor would be the perfect husband. He was stunning in his physique, and his tanned skin and white teeth screamed health and vitality. His short beard was manly and his muscles... Norns help him, his muscles. Loki dreamed sometimes of lying skin to skin and simply breathing in time together, burying his fingers in his husband's blonde hair and indulging in every want and need.

His wistful sigh attracted Thor's attention and he hastily buried his nose back in the book, flushing to be caught staring.

"Ah, there's my little giant! I was wondering where you were sulking. Come, scrub my back for me. I had a long day chasing that elk all over the mountains."

Loki blinked, hardly believing that Thor was talking to him. Thor was in a *very* good mood. Cautiously, he set down his book and followed Thor into the bathroom, his pulse speeding up with the chance to help him bathe. "It must have been a rigorous hunt, husband," Loki said, gathering what he needed while Thor lowered himself into the steaming water.

Loki suppressed a sigh. If the water was a little cooler he could try joining him, but this heat was too uncomfortable. He grabbed a stool and faced Thor's back.

"Indeed it was! You should have seen this beast, he was enormous! Took three of our horses to carry him back after we skinned the carcass. I hope you're hungry, the cook is preparing it right now."

Loki smiled, gathering the suds on the cloth while he tiptoed his way through this new kind of interaction. "Oh I am hungry indeed! Tell me, did you kill it with a spear or did you sneak up on it and surprise it with your hammer?"

Thor was like every warrior alive who loved to boast of his accomplishments, so he filled Loki's ears with details of the hunt, which did sound more exciting than usual. Perhaps it was Volstagg falling off his horse in a creek, or Sif racing among the tree tops to shout out which direction the elk was running.

Loki laughed and smiled at the appropriate places, giving praise when necessary, feeling giddy that things were going so well. He scrubbed the musk and dirt from Thor's back, even reaching around to soap the chest. Thor paid him no mind and went on waving his hands and laughing.

"I think my back is clean enough. Go wait for me out there." He gestured to the bedroom and Loki tried to hide his disappointment, stomping down his annoyance at being ordered like a servant. Breathe out the anger, let it go.

"O-of course, husband. Just give a holler if you need anything."

Thor only grunted and attended to his own washing. Loki sat on the bed and settled his heart rate,

memorizing every moment that had transpired. Hunts were good, Thor liked to talk about himself. So long as he wasn't boasting about slaying frost giants then Loki would gladly listen, no, hang off of every word.

Loki changed into a lighter robe that opened at the front and was very appealing. The servants were bringing in the dinner just as Thor was drying himself with a towel. Loki checked over the meal and was satisfied to find everything in order. It was rare that they even shared a meal together, and Loki couldn't help but feel excited. Worry gnawed at his gut as he knew one wrong step and it would all go to Hel.

No, things wouldn't do that tonight. Thor was being tolerant and open and this could be the chance that Loki needed.

When Thor joined him with a broad smile he was wearing only a loose pair of trousers, the material hugging his hips. Loki felt warm and his cheeks gained color and for the second time he cursed the other man's looks.

Together they sat and the servants poured the wine before they departed to the other room.

"You're in for a treat tonight, little giant," Thor said, reaching for the buttered rolls and the dish filled with the succulent meat.

Loki nodded. "There is no doubt in my mind. It smells most appetizing. Say, husband?"

"Hmm?"

"We have been married for some months now, have we not?"

"What of it?"

"When will I be blessed to hear my name coming from your lips?"

Thor's blue eyes met his briefly, the laughter gone from them. "When I have decided you are worthy."

Loki's lips thinned and his eyes dropped to the tablecloth. His cheeks burned. "Yes, husband," he murmured, waiting for Thor to go back to the food. Thankfully Thor seemed to brush it off entirely and returned to his meal.

To cover up his blunder Loki asked Thor about his favorite hunt and the prince went into gory detail of how he hunted the fearsome dragon of Ur. He became relaxed and animated again, though Loki sat stiffly in his chair as he listened, sipping his wine.

The elk was cooked to perfection, sliding apart in juicy pieces that dripped on to the plate. When Thor remarked upon it and moaned with delight, Loki saw an opening.

"I had the cooks prepare it just the way you like," he said smiling, delicately eating from his fork.

Thor frowned slightly and gave him a sharp look. "How do you know the way I like it?"

Loki raised a shoulder and said, "I didn't. I thought the cook would since she knows you so well. She assured me she had plenty of practice."

Thor grunted, examined the meat, but eventually decided that Loki had not *corrupted* his kill. It was cooked well, just the way he liked it. Loki watched with a pleased smile as Thor accepted this

idea.

The meal passed more pleasantly and Loki presented Thor with a bowl of thick stew. "Here is something new from the kitchens. It is prepared with the heart of the elk, the choicest of cuts. Try it, and see how you like it."

Ever suspicious, Thor watched as Loki took a bite of his stew first, then followed, grunting with pleasant surprise at the flavor and depth of the stew. "This is good," he conceded, tucking in with gusto. "I shall have to ask the kitchen to make it again."

Loki waited until Thor was halfway done before taking the plunge. "Glad am I to hear it, husband. I hoped you would. It is a dish from my homeland, a favorite in the palace. We hunt the wild gmir and use their hearts for the main ingred-"

Loki was startled by a sudden movement, his wrist flying up to cover his face out of reflex. When nothing happened he peeked out to see Thor had come very close to hurling the bowl at him, but had stopped himself midway. When Loki wondered why, he remembered the servants.

"You fed me Jotun *slop*?!" Thor screamed, his face bright red in complete opposite to his good mood a second ago. "How dare you bring such disgusting things to my table! Is the abundance of Asgard not good enough for you?"

Loki was shaking, in both trepidation and fury. He took a breath to calm down and smoothed the material of his shirt down the front. "The meat you slew yourself and the vegetables came from the palace larder. Only the recipe itself is Jotun and a mere *moment ago* you were enjoying it!"

"Until I learned the truth of its origins! I will not put up with this trickery, foul snake!"

"What trickery?" Loki snapped back, his temper at its limit. "It was only a stew and nothing more! You were enjoying something that was Jotun and *that* is what made you angry! Do you think our cultures are honestly so different? Would I be able to stomach the food here if we were not similar in some way?"

Thor's hands slammed onto to the table as he stood, his eyes glaring daggers. "I am nothing like you!"

"Is that so? You call us the monsters, yet who was it who killed countless innocents year after year, regardless of fault!"

"I have the right to destroy every threat to Asgard!"

"A threat only in your mind because it distracts you from *your* guilt!"

Silence descended like a heavy cloud, thunder rumbled outside the windows. The two stared at each other, neither backing down. Loki was ready to disappear from his chair the instant Thor reached for his hammer, but it never happened.

"Do not...presume... to know anything about me," Thor said in a dangerous tone. "I have no interest in reconciliation now or ever."

He turned from the table and left for the bedroom, Loki could see him putting on his shirt and boots from the open door. He stayed where he was, withdrawn and clutching his arms to his chest, holding back the tide of emotions that wanted to lash out. To do that now would be suicidal. He must be patient, this is only a step. Thor had to be confronted from time to time, it was necessary.

Thor stomped past again and summoned his weapon to his side, the dark cloak about his shoulders, ignoring Loki completely.

"Won't you stay for dessert?" Loki asked in a scolding voice, when Thor surprisingly paused he lifted the cover from the dessert platter to reveal small powdered lemon cakes.

Thor went rigid, his eyes wide as sweat broke out on his brow. His face went pale, his lines twisted into one of agony. Then he turned and ran from the room, slamming the door behind him.

Loki sighed, slumping in his chair and congratulating himself on a remarkably horrible evening. The cakes he knew had been cruel, but it was calculated. If Thor had remained in a good mood and more relaxed with wine he might have been eager to talk about them.

The Jotun took a bite from a cake, tasting the combination of sweet and sour, and thought he had a brief glimpse of the kind of woman the late queen had been. These were her favorite, as Loki knew from Odin.

He didn't even know he was crying until a single drop disturbed the perfect confectionary sugar. Loki would give anything to talk to her right now.

Although if she were here, none of this would have happened.

## Chapter End Notes

Let me just say that abusive relationships suck, and I am in no way condoning Thor's behavior. He needs to come to his fucking senses. Loki is starting to see that his plan is not going to make any difference, and he needs to change it. Let's see what he does...

# Broken Vows

## Chapter Notes

Wow two chapters!!! I'm nearly done with this fic, just working on the last chapter, so I figured I would give you guys a little more to chew on.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was something broken between them now, and it took several weeks for Loki to figure it out. Thor ignored or outright rejected his sexual advances, would not engage in any conversation longer than a sentence, and would come to their bed so late that Loki hardly saw him anymore. He still shadowed Thor through the city, but the prince who had grown up here knew how to evade well.

Loki tried to apologize for the stew, but was met with cold silence. Nothing worked, not a heartfelt plea for them to talk, not an offer of back rubs would make Thor let Loki touch him. Thor did not even raise his voice or smack him anymore. It was as if Loki no longer existed.

This was a critical problem and a wrench in his plans. The morning Loki woke up with blood in his under things he screamed in failure. He *had* to find out what was keeping Thor so distant. It could take months before he was fertile again.

"What is it you want from me?" He demanded one night. He was met with shockingly dead eyes.

"Nothing at all."

Loki refused to believe this. He had been good enough for a bed warmer, now something had changed. He stalked the halls of the palace and listened to the gossip until finally he found it, spoken by a stableman putting Thor's horse away.

"Another day in the pleasure house. At least they feed the prince's horse well. He's there for hours I hear!"

The other stable worker grumbled. "He ought to be wooing that fine husband he has already and providing heirs for the kingdom."

"Aye, tis a shame our prince is so blind to the fortune in his house."

Loki stepped away, a riot of emotions. Betrayal and fury and crushing self confidence warred and shattered in his head. He had known this was going to be a problem, but he had not reckoned for it to happen so soon. He couldn't fail yet, it was not in him to fail. He would forge on, again and again until he got what he wanted!

When next Thor went out Loki stalked him in a disguise, finding the brothel he visited and slipping inside. It was a madhouse of beer and bodies, perfumed to mask the smell of sweat and sex. It was too loud, too grating on the nerves. Loki watched as his husband approached a young flattering woman and lead her upstairs.

Loki fumed inside, angry at the woman, at Thor, for this entire race of messed up selfish bastards

who knew not the meaning of loyalty. A Jotun cheating on his mate was unheard of. Before they were a couple such relations were freely given, but once mated it was honorable and expected to remain faithful. It happened, of course, but the instances were scattered.

And *this* man had once been the pride of Asgard! Hah!

Loki waited for Thor to come out but the hour grew late and the Jotun gave up, returning to the palace by a different route. The next night he trailed Thor again, and the next. Each time a different brothel, and each time Thor started late with a single woman. There was no pattern to his choosing, no favorite. It would seem Thor was content to have anyone so long as it was not Loki.

Knowing he should not do it and torture himself, Loki snuck upstairs one night to the room that was occupied by Thor and his chosen whore. He lingered outside the door, wrapped in shadows, to listen in. Did Thor hold her down? Did she whine and cry and give up too?

Or was Thor gentle. Did he have a side he would never show to Loki? If it was there Loki could coax it out. If it was not...

Loki frowned, realizing he had been standing there for ten minutes and had heard nothing. No giggles, no voices, no soft sighs or movements of the bed. It was suspicious, surely they were not done and napping already!

Taking a breath Loki made the door burst in with a fierce wind. The woman inside the room squeaked and ran over to close it, looking this way and that for the cause. Seeing no one, she closed the door with Loki inside and settled back on her bed. She was fully dressed and looked unmolested. There was no sound running from the bathroom. Loki checked the room over twice and could detect no sign of Thor.

Rage boiled inside of him at being tricked. Thor was not here! Not letting his disguise fall, Loki stopped the invisibility and stood before the woman who instantly saw him and opened her mouth to scream. With a wave of his hand Loki stole her breath, trapping the scream in mid air.

She clutched a hand to her throat and looked at him, horrified.

"Don't worry, you'll get this back unharmed if you agree to answer my questions," Loki said, dangerous in his reasonable attitude. "I mean you no harm. You brought the crown Prince in here with you tonight didn't you? Didn't you!"

The girl hastily nodded, her eyes as wide as saucers.

"And did you two engage in sex?"

She hesitated, then slowly shook her head.

"Ah. That would explain some but not all. Then tell me, my dear... where. Is. He now?"

She tried to speak but her lips were mute. She gestured frantically to the ball of sound that floated above Loki's hand, desperately wanting to answer him.

Loki released the trapped sound and it returned to her throat. The woman gasped and shook her head, trying to clear the uncomfortable feeling from her esophagus. Loki waited.

"H-h-he didn't want sex, my lord! None of us! He just wants it to look like it so he can fly away from our windows and go to who knows where!"

Loki considered this thoughtfully, his eyes boring holes into the woman until she broke down and sobbed.

"Honest, my lord, tis all true! Ask the others! Even in the other Houses it's the same! He never says where he goes or who he is seeing, only pays handsomely for our time and we get an evening of rest!"

Finally Loki nodded. "I believe you." The woman sagged her shoulders. "And there is not one rumor of where he goes?"

"N-no my lord... but Delca reckons it's a high born lady, and given that the prince is married he can't let anyone know who it is and...." she placed a shocked hand over her mouth. "Oh I'm sorry my lord! I didn't meet to-!"

Loki waved a dismissive hand. "You will be unharmed. It is hardly your fault that men are pigs."

That got a few lip twitches that almost turned into a smile. "Y-yes sir, I would agree with you on that."

"You have been most informative. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

Loki left the brothel but did not drop his disguise until he was in the palace walls. He felt tight all over, like he wanted to burst from his skin. This fury was running hot in his veins and his stalking steps took him to that small quiet training courtyard to work some of it out.

He found it already occupied. Sif was there, in the twilight gloom, surrounded by blazing torches as she spun and kicked her way through basic exercises. She was dedicated to getting every form correct, her sword blurring faster and faster and then stopped, her chest heaving.

After careful consideration, Loki decided he might have a chance here for an ally. Loki quietly stole into the training area and leaned against the surrounding wall. "You are exemplary, Lady Sif. No wonder you are respected among the guard."

Sif eyed her audience, not at all surprised to find someone there. She took off the wraps around her wrists as she addressed him. "To keep up one must always keep her skills honed. It would not be well for Fandrall to best me in a match."

Loki nodded. "Just think how large his ego would grow then!"

Sif gave him a look, not fooled at all by his friendly attitude. They had barely exchanged more than a few words, why seek her out now? "What brings you here, your highness?"

"I am looking for my husband, actually."

Loki could see her shoulders grow stiff and guarding.

"I have not seen Thor this day," she said carefully, placing her sword on the rack.

Loki smiled. "No, nor has anyone it would seem. It is quite the conundrum, for he disappears into the city and does not come back until the late hours."

"And why would you think I know of his whereabouts?"

"You are his close friend, are you not?"

Sif barked a bitter laugh. "Ha! I was, you mean. I used to be able to talk to him, to give him sound

council. Now I...." she frowned, realizing she had said too much. Loki merely waiting with patience. "What is important about Thor's personal errands?"

"I need to know who he is sleeping with," Loki said as cool as a spring breeze.

Sif stared at him, appalled. Then she grabbed her sword again and swung it at the target, hitting it dead center. She turned to glare at him. "You are certain of this?"

Loki nodded.

"That fiend! That wool headed utter buffoon! I trusted him to have honor!"

Loki watched her work out her fury, impressed despite himself. It was calming and cathartic in a way. When Sif was spent and heaving once more she came to revive against the wall next to the Jotun.

"I am sorry," she struggled to say. "The Thor I knew.... who I grew up with... would never have entertained such a dishonorable betrayal."

After a moment of quiet, Loki gave a brief nod. "Thank you. I understand he has changed much."

"You have no idea. I can barely stand to be in his presence. It is only 'invade Jotunheim' or 'teach those savages who rules.' I was utterly shocked to hear that he was going to marry you. Even more so that-"

"That I agreed to it?" He finished for her when the silence stretched.

Eventually she nodded, looking vaguely ashamed. "How do you stand it? He's killed so many of your kind."

Loki thought about what to say. "Because I must. You are aware of the pact made twenty years ago? It was promised that the curse would end when a union was made between Asgard and Jotunheim. When Laufey surrendered his greatest treasure."

"You," Sif whispered and Loki nodded.

"I agreed to do my part."

"But Thor! He is-"

"Not beyond redemption."

"He hurts you. And no one does anything!"

Loki was touched by her vehemence, a warmth spreading through his chest that someone had noticed and was on his side. "Not yet, but the time will come. That is why I need your help finding where he goes."

Sif was quiet, the courtyard crackled with the fire from the torches and the sky was fully dark. "What will you do with this information? Just asking him to stop would be foolish."

"I do not plan on asking."

That got a smile from her. "What will you do to the woman?"

Loki shrugged. "Nothing. Why should I punish her for my husband's fault? But I need to know who



so I may be guarded. It could be a lady at court, mocking me behind a false smile. If she is a dangerous adversary then I must go carefully. I must block the way for Thor to get to her."

Sif sighed and shifted in her training gear. She was thinking it over, he could tell. Thor was still her prince and friend. Loki sat still and listened to the night begin, the cool breeze tickling the hair on his neck. It had not rained in a week.

Eventually Sif gave in. "I do not know where he goes. But-" she held up a hand to stop his protests. "I know how to find out."

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Fandral was in the stables cleaning the last of his tack, speaking softly to his mare who nickered at his voice. Fandral had a soft spot for his animals and he wasn't too keen on sharing just how tender. The warrior closed the stall door for the last time and found Sif standing on the other side of it, staring.

"Sif! Aha, you should not sneak up on a companion like that! I shudder to think what my reflexes would have done to you."

Sif gave a small condescending smile. "We both know my reflexes are faster than yours. I am here seeking answers, Fandral, and you'd better have them."

"Answers?" He asked, nervousness creeping into his shoulders. "Well, you know what the maidens say about me and question-"

"You're going to tell me who Thor is having an affair with." Came her blunt demand.

Fandral grew as pale as flour. "Uh, um... you don't mean.... *our* Thor?"

"Is there another?"

"Oh, hundreds!"

Sif knocked the uncooperative male back against the wooden wall. "Spare me your jokes, Fandral. This is serious! I know you go with him to the brothels, and I *also* know that he does not stay there, now does he?"

"S-Sif now listen, my girl, you can't expect me to go back on my word, not when it is Thor and all!"

"Ah, so he is seeing out the company of one?" She said, keeping him tripping over his words. "And you know who it is."

"D-did I say thus?"

"You did. And once I tell Thor you told the Allfather he is going to be *very* upset with you."

Fandral's eyes looked comically large. "You would not!"

"Not if you tell me now. It's *important*, Fandral. We can't continue to be complacent to his misdeeds! Would the Thor we grew up with and fought beside ever turn his back on his wedded spouse?"

Fandral sagged against the wall, his weight held up only by Sif's strong arm. He looked defeated. "No. No he would not. Thor would have defended his husband's honor to his dying breath."

Slowly Sif released him but kept him cornered. "So you see. Something has to change, we can no longer turn a blind eye. Tell me who he is seeing."

Fandral sighed deeply and looked like he was about to sell his first born. But he told her.

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"So," Loki said with no implication to his feelings. "Amora. That is his mistress. I should have suspected the last time I saw her at court. She looked too smug."

Sif was sharpening her knife to a dangerous edge. "I've always disliked her. She is too mean and ambitious. She has always had her sights on Thor, and does not hide her intentions. I am surprised she would not openly mock you already."

"No, that is not subtle enough. Just a smile here, a look there. She thinks she has her prize, and for now she can wait until I am disposed of."

"You do not suspect that she-"

"Not yet, but you have said she is ambitious." Loki sat and rubbed a finger along his lips as he thought. It was no more than he had expected. Finally he smiled, and Sif felt the need to raise her knife in defense. She thought that here Amora had met her match.

"Oh this shall be fun," Loki chuckled.

## Chapter End Notes

As you can see, Loki is done with being complacent. :3 Thor had better watch out.  
\*cackles\*

# Bait the Hook

## Chapter Notes

I'm back! Here is the next installment, and I've been working on a new fic. On a side note: I FINISHED MY CHEMO TREATMENTS TODAY!! WHOOOO.

Also, here is a nice smutty chapter, and here we get a little bit from Thor's perspective. I hope you can begin to see there is more to him than just being an asshole.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Now that Loki knew, it was easy to spot the affair. The way Thor avoided both Loki and Amora in court, but the sly way that her green eyes would follow Thor's movements wherever he went. The over stuffed, under dressed woman looked like she held the leash to a pretty pet and she was the only one in on the secret.

Loki loved secrets. He loved finding out about them. And Amora's secret was now his.

The Jotun reviewed the ways he could break the two apart, but from what he picked up at court whenever he saw them together, was that Thor had no interest in Amora below the surface. Oh he listened to her and laughed at her jokes, but there was no spark of passion between two secret lovers. No, Thor had only one interest in the lady, and Loki suspected he had chosen one who would be the greatest insult to Loki personally.

Well for once, Thor was correct. Loki was not going to let this pass. Not without some fun.

He gathered all that he needed for his magic, creating in a side room a cream that he put a powerful binding spell on. It was a simple yet elegant solution, but Loki needed one thing from Thor to make it complete.

He waited for a night that Thor did not go to the city, but stayed in the palace after a council and was in their chambers with a sour attitude. He had not gone to see his lover in a few days, so Loki knew he must have pent up frustrations.

Thor was taking off his vest when Loki came up behind him and molded his chest to Thor's back. "Husband," he purred, drawing his nails up the chiseled ribs. "You've been gone for so long. I've missed you."

Thor went stiff, his reluctance evident. "That's unusual. Why would you even begin to miss me?"

He kept trying to remove his shirt but Loki's hands were getting in the way. "Do you doubt me? My words are true. Surely you've missed me the same?"

Thor grit his teeth, stopping himself from shoving Loki away. "Not at all, little giant. Your hands are cold, now leave me in peace."

"Hmm, no. Not tonight."

Thor spun to growl a warning but he was flipped on his back on the bed, his determined husband blocking him in. There was something predatory in the red eyes that sent a shiver of reluctant

excitement down his spine. Now he could see that Loki had on nothing but ankle bracelets, and he swallowed thickly, quickly scowling to hide his interest.

His own damn body betrayed him. This is why he went to Amora.

"Tonight I want to have you instead of some nameless whore," Loki said, his black nails smoothing across Thor's collar, leaving goose bumps in their wake.

Thor's stunned silence gave him away. As he stared up, slack jawed, Loki snickered.

"Did you really take me for a fool? That I wouldn't notice or turn a blind eye? You really need to be more inventive, Thor." Loki's nails turned sharp and scratched along the bone.

Thor shoved him off and Loki bounced on the mattress. "What does it matter to you who draws my attention? Be glad that it is not you!"

"That is where you are so very, very wrong," Loki smiled, stretching his lithe body in a most appealing way, running a foot up Thor's leather clad thighs to his crotch and rubbing the heel there as Thor flushed as red as a sunset. "It does matter to me, as you knew it would. You look for ways to hurt me, and I'm tired of letting you."

"Let me?" The big man sneered, something primal rising up to the challenge that Loki presented. The bulge in his trousers was only growing as Loki taunted him, but he didn't back down. "You have nothing over me. You've been my toy since our wedding night."

Now Loki let out a wild laugh, white teeth flashing. Thor wondered if he had gone mad.

Loki made a small gesture with his fingers, as if drawing a string, and Thor's trousers unlaced and slipped down to his ankles. He cursed and stumbled about, but they would not cooperate or go any higher than his calves. They seemed to shrink with each passing second.

"Hmmm, then someone is interested in *playing*," Loki teased, his toes tracing the outline of Thor's hips. Thor smacked the offending leg away.

"Not with you! Not ever!"

"Your cock sings a different tune. What is the matter, husband, afraid I shall freeze it off? I have not done so thus far. Though I am tempted." Loki's smirk was insolence itself and Thor wanted to wipe it from their face, replace it with open astonishment and fucked out nothingness.

He was on top of the Jotun before he even realized it, battling with teeth and claws as he tried shoving them back to the middle of the bed. Every bit of bare flesh that was within Loki's reach he would bite, though Thor realized Loki was drawing him *in* and *down* with his arms, not away. Their bodies undulated on the bed, clashing together like opposing weather fronts, creating a line of storms.

Thor had never been so aroused.

Loki would flip them to gain the upper hand and Thor would turn them back over. They gained the edge of the bed several times and would have gone over if Thor had not been mindful to go the other way. It would seem the Jotun was intent on punishing him for his crimes. Thor couldn't say that he minded.

"Be still!" He hissed. "You buck like a wild filly!"

"How dare you! Either compare me to a stallion or nothing at all!"

Finally Thor managed to wrestle Loki to his stomach, grab a firm hold of his hips and sink his fingers into Loki's dripping cunt. That startled him enough to cry out, rubbing his face in the blankets then pushing back to seek more of the simulation. The Jotun started to pant and his face flushed a deep indigo.

"Do you like that, little giant?" Thor asked, regaining some of the control. Loki only whined and shoved back. "Demanding, aren't you?" Loki's answering growl caused him to smile, speeding up his finger thrusts until Loki was quivering and bucking wildly. If Thor didn't know any better, he could see that his cock was thick and trapped between the sheets.

"Still want me?" He asked, his voice was chunky gravel with lust. Just to taunt the other, he rubbed the head of his manhood against the slick folds, causing Loki to moan loudly, sending an answering clench of white hot desire in Thor's belly.

"Yes, damn you! Do it now or so help me I'll chain you down and-!"

Loki got no further in his threats, his words degrading into gibberish as Thor filled him. Thor took a shuddering breath, discovering how well Loki fit between his arms, and shoved everything else aside to drive down this path towards some form of relief.

Relief from anger, from sorrow, from grief. Stop thinking. Just stop. Feel this, remember what it is like to *feel*.

Loki gave him no choice, as his nails scratched along reinforced skin, breaking open tender areas that Thor had struggled to hide. Even Loki's horns were a danger, short as they were, they could knock into Thor's skull and shake him up, make him pay attention.

When Loki had had enough of being on his stomach he twisted, contorting in some way that confused Thor. But a vicious tug on his neck and he was pressed against him once more, his ear lobe caught between Jotun teeth, and he yelped at the sharpness of the bite.

"Can't take a little pain, husband?" Loki smirked up from his back, smug in getting a rise out of the man.

"I am beginning to suspect that you like it more than I," Thor said, slamming back into their body. Loki arched and moaned, presenting his neck perfectly for Thor to have a little payback.

No matter how hard Thor seemed to go Loki was matching him, clinging to the strong shoulders or tugging on the blonde strands that dangled between their bodies. There was no hands off rule this time. Every touch was a branding iron, a fresh lightning strike to Thor's skin. There was no Jotun or Aesir. It was just them.

When he came it was a final clash after a sweet build up, a single groan and he was spent. Shaking and panting Thor was still, his mind a thousand miles up in the air, the chambers echoing their mingled cries.

Then Thor opened his eyes and saw Loki.

Loki with eyes as much black as they were crimson. Loki with a heaving chest and a blissful half smile. Loki who wore teeth marks on his neck proudly, as a Jotun mate ought to. Loki marked by Thor's fingers, and hands, and no reproach in his gaze. Loki glowing, content. Thor had accomplished that.

But that didn't fit the image he had of terrifying beasts roaring in fury, or dying in droves at his feet. This wasn't an enemy like he had known, yet still his mind insisted it was. The two images clashed, what he saw and what his mind told him, and he could not reconcile the two. It had to be one or the other.

Something ugly and black threatened to rise up and take over. Something that Thor did not want to name. But it laughed at him and shoved the barrier back into place between them, cutting the moment in two.

"Thor?" Loki asked in a concerned voice when the other man started to pull away. "What happened? Are you well?"

Thor slumped on the edge of the bed, covering his face as he struggled with the darkness inside him. Loki's voice was grating on his nerves now, the man's presence like burning ropes coiled too tight.

A cool hand settled on his shoulder and Thor slapped it carelessly away. "Do not touch me," he said, but he sounded tired. Worn out.

After a moment of offended silence Loki tried again. "What do you need, tell me. I swear I offer only comfort."

Thor found that funny. "Comfort? From a frost giant, the cause of my pain? What idle words could possibly fill the holes that riddle me? I have not known comfort in twenty years."

Loki waited, patiently, until he could speak. "Perhaps if you would allow me... I could try."

Abruptly Thor stood up, his face like stone once more, closed off and arrogant. "I want nothing from you. Haven't you understood that yet?"

Loki knew there would be no further chance to reach him. He watched silently, with a heavy expression, as Thor gathered fresh clothes and boots and stomped from the room, no doubt in search of a tavern to drown whatever demons were haunting him. Loki could not help Thor until he wanted to be helped.

But he had been so close!

Loki cursed his frustrations to the ceiling, his temper ending in a pout as he thought over the evening. There had been an interesting form of chemistry there, one that Loki had not expected. Thor had been powerful and engaging, and had taken all that Loki would give and returned it like a proper lover. Loki perhaps wasn't as experienced, but even he knew that time had been vastly different.

For one thing he had finished, and *that* made him smug. Loki trailed a finger through the cooling liquid on his chest, gathering it up. Then he waited for Thor's seed to gather between his legs, taking both fluids and mixing them in his palm before crossing over to a cabinet with his spelled cream inside. The final ingredient, and now Thor had a big surprise.

I wonder what Loki has in store. \*evil laughter\*

# Explosions

## Chapter Notes

Now that I have successfully made you guys hate Thor. \*whistles as I add fuel to that fire\*

Oh I will be on vacation this week and one of my goals is to finish the final chapter on this.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Loki waited a day for Thor to once again ignore his existence before putting his plan into action. Now that he knew there was a way to interest Thor, despite his secret lover, he was determined not to be shunned to the side.

So Loki attacked when Thor was most vulnerable. In the morning just before his husband woke, Loki spread some of the spelled cream on his hands and dove beneath the sheets, pleased to find Thor's morning wood ready and ripe for the taking.

A couple of strokes with the cream that melted on contact, and Thor was beginning to stir, moaning softly at the sleepy sensations. When he was lucid enough to realize what was happening he gave a brief cry and pulled down the sheets, revealing Loki's dark head and treacherous smirk.

"Good morning, husband," he said with a cheeky wink, sliding his tongue out to lick a stripe on the underside of Thor's cock. It was a good thing the cream has no taste.

Thor made a strangled sound and tried pushing a horn out of the way. Loki's grip just tightened and the thunder shuddered. "W-what do you think you are doing?" He managed to ask, closing his eyes so he wouldn't have to see the pink tongue wrapped around his dick.

"You could call it... experimenting." Loki sucked on the tip and Thor grunted, biting his lip to stop. "Or you could call it... gaining experience. Or perhaps just helping! I'm being helpful, aren't I?"

Thor glared down at the trickster between his legs and once their eyes made contact Loki opened his mouth fully to rest the shaft on his tongue. It was a sinful sight.

Thor swallowed. "You stop that right now, I have much to do today and- aaah!"

Loki's mouth went entirely around the thick girth. Never having done this before, it really was a learning experience for Loki who discovered quickly that his eyes were bigger than his stomach. No matter, his hand could stroke what would not fit into his mouth, and the saliva dripped down to mix with the cream that Loki had liberally spread.

Thor's breathing was labored, hands clutching at the sheets. "Y-you little devil," he gasped, torn between demanding them to stop and never letting that clever mouth off of his cock again.

"I thought this was a way for men to pleasure each other," Loki remarked when he came up for air. "Do you not like it?"

Thor's answer was to hold onto the back of their head and buck his hips up, grunting when Loki's



mouth was full again. This was different, and Loki tried not to choke, keeping still as best he could, but he didn't like this pace. He managed to shove the hand off his head and push away, gasping for oxygen and moving a jaw that now ached.

"I liked that. You'll need more practice, it would seem."

Loki glared at Thor, promising payback later. Thor only grinned, but it was not as cruel as usual. Loki sat heavily on his beefy thighs. "Don't move!"

Determined, he set out with renewed vigor, licking and sucking until Thor's cock was hard in his mouth, ready to pump out its load. He pulled back at the last moment and used his hands to finish, or he tried, but he was tired by then and couldn't quite make it fast enough...

A large warm hand encompassed his own and Thor joined him on the down stroke, groaning at the final steps to completion, then spilling along his belly and chest. Loki looked at the mess with a triumphant gleam. No, he might not be the most skilled, but he always got what he wanted.

Thor relaxed, as boneless as a fish, eyes fluttering closed again. Loki watched a moment, waiting for a cue that never came.

"Was that... good?" He asked, hating how insecure he sounded. Let me be good enough.

A deep hum sounded and Thor rolled over to stand on his feet. "It will do."

Squealing in outrage, Loki launched a pillow at Thor's head, who casually batted it aside, laughing. There was something fun about making the tiny frost giant mad. He cleaned up in the bathroom and went about his day, whistling.

Loki also whistled during the day, flipping through the pages of a book as he reclined in the queen's garden. He felt so welcome here in the sunshine and the air leaden with floral perfumes that he kept coming back. It was tranquil, and somehow he felt as if it's former owner approved.

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Thor landed on the back patio of Amora's private garden, his feet making an indentation in the cobblestones. No matter how many times he broke those they were always replaced by the next day. Striding to the covered pagoda, Thor greeted his lover with a broad grin. Amora rose from her seat to meet him, smiling prettily.

Amora was lovely, of course. A rare vision with delicate features and doe eyes that could make any man do anything for her favor. She wielded her looks like a weapon and scorned all who were foolish enough to fall victim. Only Thor had been her goal for quite some time now, and she had been beyond thrilled when he had finally given in to her advances.

The fact that the prince was currently married bothered her, but the marriage wouldn't last. Thor was too hot headed and she was working on wrapping him around her finger. Their secret would not remain so for long.

With that in mind, Amora settled Thor next to her on the bench, inquiring about his day and listening with rapt attention as if every word was liquid gold. Only Thor seemed to be a little preoccupied today.

"My darling, what is wrong?" She asked, using a perfectly manicured finger to tilt his chin to look at her. "You seem so... distracted. It's not your father, is it?" She was the perfect amount of worried and concerned.

Thor grimaced and shook his head. "My father is well. He will rule over Asgard for some time yet. No it is Lo- it is my husband. He had been acting strange lately. He knows I've been to the brothels."

Amora pursed her lips, a silent reminder that she did like to talk about Loki. She would rather forget his existence, or rather she would like Thor to forget about anyone else but her.

"And? Was he upset? Did he cry? Oh, what does it matter Thor? He doesn't know about us, it is why you use the brothels as a cover."

Thor nodded absent. "I recall. That is what I find odd, he didn't weep or... or throw things. He was.... aggressive. Eager to prove himself." It had been confusing and marvelous.

Amora shifted away as she thought that over. "I thought he was afraid of you."

Thor looked uncomfortable. "So did I." This new Loki was a mystery, an itch that he wanted to scratch. Only he couldn't because...well, because....

"Then he needs to be reminded of his place. He is here at your mercy, my love, and you shouldn't tolerate his attitude." Amora relaxed slightly and pressed her palm to his thigh, smiling up at him. "He is just a stupid Jotun. I'm sure he will settle down once you make it clear to him he is but an ornament. Someday you'll get to thank Laufey personally for sending you such a useless tribute."

Thor nodded, but he didn't seem quite convinced. He scowled as if thinking over something, but it was difficult and the mystery would not unfold. Amora thought it was adorable.

"Never mind about him, darling. The afternoon is too perfect for anything but us. I've missed you. Thank you for bringing me the sun." Just like that her voice turned low and sultry and Thor was painfully aware of how her bodice showed off her cleavage.

Yes, nice female breasts. Normal and pale. Not at all like a smooth chest, cool and blue, with raised lines that spelled out who knew what ancient poetry. Or the way those lines drew his eyes down, down, all the way down a lithe body that went on for miles....

If Amora thought Thor was a little demanding today with his kisses and groping she uttered no word of complaint. She liked to feel his powerful hands gripping her tightly, no other man could even come close to the master of storms.

When he lifted her skirts and sat her astride on his lap she gave a fake nervous giggle and looked around the empty courtyard. "Now my love? Here?"

"Aye, here."

She cooed as if scandalized but excitement won her over. It was appallingly easy to get what she wanted from Thor. And she enjoyed it immensely. She sighed as he touched her, his hurried motions showing a desperation for release that she would only draw out and use to her advantage.

"Here, love. Let me," she whispered, reaching between them to unlace his trousers and stroke his cock. At first Thor groaned in approval, then his face twisted and his grunt became one of pain.

"Wait," he said, "stop!"

Amora stopped, shocked. "What is it?"

Thor shifted her off his lap onto the bench and scowled at his groin. After a moment he shook his

head. "Must... Must have been your skirts, rubbing the wrong way."

Amora blinked. "I...suppose. Here, let me try again."

She leaned in to kiss his neck, gripping his manhood once more. Thor relaxed and canted his hips, but only a moment later he was frowning again and pushed her hand away.

"It is too hot!"

"Whatever do you mean?" She asked, confused.

Thor refused to answer, becoming more frustrated as he turned his dick first one way then another, looking for some flaw or perhaps a rash.

"It wasn't like that this morning..." He muttered.

Amora huffed and settled down on her knees between his thighs. She hated this position, it was beneath her dignity, but she could sacrifice some pride for her goals.

She put on a playful smirk as she leaned in to kiss the dark head, pleased to see Thor's eyes darken and something awaken in them. She could do this, it wasn't hard, or so she said to tighten her resolve.

But no sooner had she welcomed the cock into her mouth with a lusty moan that Thor yelped and stood up, dumping Amora on her rear.

"What in the Nine is wrong?" She demanded, greatly offended.

"You tell me, woman! Why is your touch suddenly so intolerable?!"

"I beg your padon?" She stood up, her pretty green eyes flashing dangerously. Thor had replaced his trousers and was stomping away.

"Forget it!" He called, but Amora was not about to let him go like that. She hurried after and tugged hard on his arm to make him stop.

"No, if there is something wrong then we must figure it out. You said it was not like this earlier, whatever did you mean?"

Thor wouldn't meet her eye, still blowing steam. "When Loki-"

"You let him touch you again?" She demanded, crossing her arms under her chest.

"It happens, he *is* my husband! To abstain completely would be suspect!"

Amora pressed her lips together and firmly told herself that she would *not* turn Thor into a pile of soot. "Let me see."

"See what?"

"Your pride, fool, he might have *done* something to it."

Eyes wide in horror, Thor quickly unlaced again and dropped his trousers. Amora knelt in her skirts to give it a clinical look, frowning as she studied the flesh, tapping her lips with a finger. She tentatively touched it again and Thor flinched.

Suddenly she went still. "Oh.... that wicked minx."

"What?!" Thor's voice squeaked. "Am I cursed?"

"No." Amora stood up and brushed off her blushed pink skirts. "Put yourself away, we are outside." Thor huffed and set his clothes back to rights. "It is not a curse, but a binding spell."

"A what?"

"A *binding* spell. It is very clever actually," she admitted reluctantly, and was quietly jealous of its nature. "I don't know how he did it, but the spell only recognizes the caster and will reject anyone else. It is made powerful by its intimate nature, something that the two of you exchanged." She shot Thor a glance filled with accusation that Thor ignored.

"So that explains why your hand was too hot?" He asked.

Amora nodded. "If we had maintained contact it is likely you would have blistered."

At first he looked stunned, then Thor looked like a thunder head had taken root in his eyes and the sky was beginning to darken in his fury. The big man paced and his hand unconsciously gripped the handle to his war hammer. "He will undo this spell or suffer."

"And how will you make him, my sweet?" Amora asked in a voice too light. "He knows he has you by the balls, so to speak, I do not doubt that he will be reluctant to surrender it."

"We shall see how he likes the dungeons then!"

"And announce to all of Asgard that a Jotun has bested its prince?"

That made Thor stop in his tracks and look at her. He was a caged animal, cornered and dangerous. It made her spine tingle and she wanted him all the more. She came close and rested her head on his shoulder, running her fingers through his hair.

"Do not let him manipulate you, darling. Don't make any deals or give in to his demands. I shall research this spell and break it for you before you have to suffer much more humiliation."

He shook her off, pulling away. "Then do it! It has already been too long and I won't give him the satisfaction!" He turned and strode away and this time Amora watched him go. He found a clear space and swung his hammer until it began to hum and form a wind around him. "I will return when you have the antidote."

Before she could open her mouth to argue he flung himself into the skies and was gone, thunder rolling from his departure. Amora indulged in a brief tantrum that set a few of the nearby bushes on fire before she calmed herself, assured that this was only a set back, and marched inside to her library to research binding spells.

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Loki was reclining on a chaise lounge, eating summer fruit and reading over a treaty Asgard had signed with Alfheim a hundred years ago when the doors to the couple's chambers burst open and he heard a loud bellow.

"LOKI!"

It was like music to his ears. Loki allowed himself a quick smile of victory before he schooled his

face into innocence.

"In here, husband," he called in a bored tone, as if he hadn't even noticed the angry tone of the voice, and popped another grape into his mouth.

Thor was determined to destroy something, it would seem, but the doors were made of carved oak, and could withstand Thor's fist. When he spotted Loki his face darkened, and he came over to stand over him, blocking out the light.

"What have you done?" He nearly snarled, holding himself back from gripping the blue throat.

Loki blinked up at him, resting his head lazily back on the pillow. "You're going to have to be more specific."

"To me! What did you do to me?!"

Loki rolled a grape between two fingers. "Hmm, nothing that I know of. Why, are you ill?"

The look on Thor's face nearly made him lose his composure, but he managed to keep a straight face. The treaty was ripped from his hand and the grape was lost. Loki was pressed down against the cushions by a thick leg, and now Loki could not hold back the self-satisfied smirk that spread from ear to ear.

"You seem angry, Thor," he said, not bothered in the least, which only served to make Thor's fury burn hotter. "And, did my ears deceive me? Did you actually speak my name?"

"Silence! I know you've put a spell on me, and I demand that you remove it at once!"

Now Loki faked his understanding. "Ooohh, is *that* what you meant? Well, why didn't you say so?"

"Enough of your games, Loki, and remove it!"

"That's twice now, I feel honored. Was Amora unable to, then?"

The silence that descended was heavy, but Thor's hesitation was all the confirmation Loki needed. Crimson eyes turned to steel as Thor straightened slightly and tried to salvage the burning ship he was on.

"What does the lady Amora have to do with this?" Thor asked, in a completely unconvincing way.

Loki made a disgusted sound. "Are you as dull as you look? You think I fell for your pathetic attempts at subterfuge? I practically ran my father's network of spies, did you think I wouldn't find out?"

Anger was one emotion that Thor had plenty of, so he tapped back into it. "So you are a sneak as well as a liar."

"I'm not the one having an affair."

The comment made Thor flinch, but in true form he deflected. "And whose fault is that?"

"I assume it's a character flaw," Loki replied, inspecting his nails. "Fear of commitment or something. Though the rest of the realms will think it unbecoming of a monarch who can not even keep his marriage vows."

"An empty one that I did not want."

Loki's anger flared up at this childish reason. "And I did not want to watch as my people suffered for twenty years because you could not let go of the past! Well, I am here and you're not getting rid of me as easily as you think!"

In their arguing they had gotten closer, Loki sitting half up while Thor crouched over him, their faces but inches apart as they stared each other down, neither giving way. Thor had rarely encountered anyone who would not back down before him, pleading and weak, yet this Jotun who should have feared him was as immovable as a mountain.

Thor wondered if he could break himself against that strength, or if Loki would break first.

"Will you not remove it?" Thor asked a final time.

"I see no reason why I should," Loki replied, obstinate. "Perhaps it will remind you that I am not to be trifled with. You should face the facts that you are married to me and stop running from your responsibilities."

The thunderer was the first to pull back, though he did not break eye contact. He was calm in the face of his adversary, finally seeing the enemy in him once more. This was something he could fight, why had he even played this game to begin with?

"I hate you and your kind. I would see the realms purged of all of you. You have taken from me something irreplaceable, and I will never forgive this sin."

Loki gaped at him, surprised that the blunt words were actually hurtful, tearing at him inside. He clenched his jaw and swallowed his retort. This suddenly was more than just Thor's limited sex life. His voice became softer, reasonable. "Thor... It was but a few, and they are long dead."

"And robbed me of my revenge."

"It's not their death justice enough?" Loki demanded. "Would she want-"

"It is never enough!" Thor's fist went through the back of the lounge chair, dangerously close to Loki's face who scrambled out of the way, holding his arms out in defense. Thor was beyond reason right now, and Loki was careful not to make it worse.

"You had your twenty years," Loki said to the panting warrior, looking over the damage and felt glad he had avoided it. Images of mangled blue bodies flashed through his head and he struggled to ignore them. He had almost forgotten who's chambers he was sleeping in. "You and I are supposed to mend what is broken, start a new friendship between our realms. Can we not set our anger aside? For the good of both our people?" Thor didn't answer. "Would it not hurt less?"

Thor was slumped against the chaise, looking exhausted and distant. Loki wasn't even sure if he had heard him. Outside the balcony the wind was tossing the curtains back and forth and Loki became aware of the weather, how it howled and screamed beneath black skies that had been clear only moments before.

"Thor..."

There came a heavy knock at the door, the voice of a guard calling out if all was well, that the Allfather had sent Thor a weather request.

Loki glanced at his husband, who had not moved, and quietly padded to the door. He doubted the

guard would leave until he could report to the king that Loki was unharmed. Reassuring the man outside that all was well and he would pass on the request, Loki closed the doors again and returned to the other room.

Thor was standing before the balcony, gazing at the tempest, lost somewhere in its depths that Loki could not fathom. Trying not to show hesitation, Loki drew closer but stayed out of range.

"The Allfather-"

"I am aware."

Loki snapped his mouth shut and crossed his arms, watching silently as Thor breathed in, then out, opening his clenched fists and the wind calmed, becoming a complaining murmur then a wistful breeze. The skies stayed dark, but it no longer rolled and threatened to flood the realm.

Loki grunted softly. "So you do have some control. That is hopeful."

Thor did not respond. He turned and stalked to the bedroom. Loki followed after a moment, confused, but it became clear when he saw Thor take out his training gear.

"You are going out in this?" He asked.

Thor replaced his finer shirt with the worn cotton one and leather vest. "Do you have a better idea?"

Loki shifted on his feet. "You could stay. We could... talk. I could listen."

Thor changed his boots, all but ignoring Loki. "I have no interest in exchanging words with you any longer."

Loki ground his teeth together, feeling Thor slipping through his hands with each passing second. He couldn't let that happen, he still had a mission.

"She won't be able to break it, you know," he said with annoying smugness, leaning against the door. "She can search and search but I'm the only one who can undo the spell."

Thor finally stood up, reached for his hammer and closed the distance between them, grabbing onto Loki and pushing him against the door frame. Loki hissed as the wood knocked against his shoulder blades.

"From this moment on you may do as you like, for I care no longer. You will watch helplessly from this balcony as I bring war to Jotunheim, knowing you failed to stop it."

Loki swallowed, a hard knot forming in his stomach at Thor's words, hearing the finality to them and growing cold all over. "You can't," he whispered. "The Allfather won't allow it..."

"My father is old, and a fool. He used to be the finest warrior but now he would rather embrace his enemies then put them in the ground where they belong. He will not be king forever."

Loki glanced between each of Thor's eyes but only found hard cruelty, a wall built up so high he despaired of ever tearing it down. He felt frantic, holding his hands against a breaking dam.

"But- but the treaty..."

"Is a waste of parchment. It will be the first thing to go."

Loki clenched his fists in Thor's shirt, pulling him closer. "I won't allow it!" He hissed, barring his

teeth which didn't seem to faze Thor. "You will not be free to terrorize my people any longer! Asgard will not suffer a tyrant to rule, nor will the others!"

Now Thor cracked a smile, a bleak one that held no mirth. Loki wanted to strike it from their face, and he didn't want to admit how much it scared him.

"That is where you are wrong, little giant. Your little tricks will not be able to stop me. Don't worry, I shall save you for last."

Thor let him go and turned to leave, but Loki was shaking with fury and panic.

"And when Jotunheim is desolate and bare at your feet, and the last of the innocent blood is spilled, what then will you have Thor Odinson?!" He called.

Thor stopped at the threshold, turning just enough to regard him. "I will have peace," he finally said.

Loki's cackles followed him through the door.

"Not while I have breath to curse you, you won't!"

## Chapter End Notes

For those of you really concerned... I promise this will end well, ok? Also, don't hate Amora. She's vain and ambitious, but it's Thor's fault for cheating.



# Secrets told

## Chapter Notes

Back from vacation, and here is more of the story! Thank you guys so much for your wonderful comments!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Loki paced the rooms, ranting out loud to himself as he worked through the last hour, trying to find a way, any way, any ray of hope or possibility that what Thor had threatened would not come to pass. Loki would not accept his failure, his people were depending on him to change Thor's mind.

Or if not change his mind, then take him out of the succession.

But with this fight Loki was not sure if he could entice Thor back to the bedroom, or if he would even be comfortable lying beneath a man who so casually threatened the destruction of an entire realm and all the innocent lives within.

Loki wasn't sure if he could stomach it. He had been able to up till now, but he had been optimistic, and frankly he had compartmentalized and forgotten the worst of the horror.

Ok, and it had been good. Most of the time.

If only he had gotten pregnant!

His self flagellation ceased when there was a polite knock on the door and a messenger from the king requested Loki's presence in the throne room. Looking over his appearance in a mirror Loki realized what a mess he was, and put on a fresh tunic, one the tailors had custom made, and added a few more necklaces just to appear in control. It was flimsy armor, but Loki could deceive himself sometimes.

He arrived at the throne room with a racing pulse and the irrational fear that Odin had sided with Thor and was signing the declaration of war... It shouldn't have been a worry, ever since his arrival in Asgard Odin had only been welcoming and warm, but one could never tell when a mind would change, and what if Odin had changed his? What if he saw Jotunheim as a threat now? What if-

But no, Odin was sitting calmly on a bench, not even his great throne, and beckoned Loki to join him as his knees were misbehaving thanks to the sudden weather change. Loki gratefully sat but felt the urge to pace rise once more. He had too much nervous energy, but he hid it behind a pleasant smile.

"How are you finding Asgard, Loki?" Odin asked. It had been some time since they had spoken. The pleasant afternoon in the queen's garden was a distant memory.

Knowing this was just nice preamble, Loki answered cheerfully about all the things he found roaming about the city and its people. The realm was warm and different and Loki found it enchanting. He was regarded with less suspicion each and every day, and he even received compliments from the women as he shopped the market stalls. Of course, he had been stalking Thor then, but he didn't mention that.

Odin listened and nodded, calm and serene. "And, how is my son treating you?"

Loki paused before answering, wondering how big of a lie he could tell. He opted for a small one. "We are getting along."

Odin gave him a heavy look with his single eye. It was unnerving. "Don't lie to me, boy. You think this strange weather is normal for Asgard? I can read his mood quite clearly. What happened?"

Loki shifted and looked away, toying with a bracelet. "We... had an argument. He did not appreciate a trick I had pulled."

"On him?"

Loki nodded, and surprisingly Odin laughed.

"No, I would imagine he did not like being tricked by a Jotun. Still, I rarely see it blow like that. He must have been *very* angry."

Loki squirmed under the gaze, knowing that Odin was digging for information, and why couldn't Loki seem to keep his poker face? Why did he have to feel like he was being caught stealing a pie from the kitchens? What magic was this?

"It... It was a nasty, but necessary trick," he admitted.

Odin let up on his gaze, staring up at the golden seat for quite some time before he spoke again. "My servants like to whisper, and talk amongst themselves. Some of them talk to me. I've heard about the way he treats you."

"How is that, Allfather?"

"With disrespect. And sometimes violence. Loki, does my son hit you?"

It was the perfectly blunt question that took him off guard. Loki opened his mouth to lie but he quickly shut it again. In Odin's face was a grim resignation. He already knew what happened, what Thor had done, and lying now would only make Loki lose favor. He couldn't stand breaking the man's heart, though.

"He... hasn't done so... recently." Loki felt shame creeping over his features, a need to lock himself in a dark room for failing. What sort of a person allows their spouse to treat them with such disregard? Shouldn't Loki know better? Now Odin knew and Loki was simply pathetic, unworthy of walking these halls....

"I- I provoke him sometimes, and he... He has a great temper..."

It did not take much to stir it, either. Many times it was only Loki being in the room, his blue skin and exotic looks a constant reminder of Thor's loss and its cause. It had been stupid to think that a simple marriage could solve all these problems that were so inherently wrong. Count on Loki to be arrogant enough to think he could change a person's heart...

Thor would never come to love him.

A kind and wrinkled hand stole over his own, somehow warm despite its age. Loki had been lost in his thoughts, drowning in the voices that ran circles in his head. Loki had to cover his mouth with the other to stifle a sob as the efforts and failures from the past few months all seemed to collide on him at once.

Thor had been mean, and cruel, and heartless. Loki had endured all manners of abuse, and still he knew his spouse was as cold as ever and wanted to destroy the ones he loved back home. Nothing had changed.

Odin let out a deep, regretful sigh. "All of this is my fault. I do not know what else I could have done to change his course, but I should not have put you in harm's way. I have done you a grave disservice, Loki. For that I am deeply sorry."

Loki could barely believe that the all-seeing powerful ruler, the king of Asgard, was apologizing to *him*. He stared at the king, too stunned to reply, and saw the drooping lines of sorrow that pulled the man's shouldered down in a near hunch.

"I chose to come here, your majesty," Loki said, swallowing his pride. "You are not responsible for his actions."

"Bah! That is false, and you know it. I am his king and his father! I gave in to his anger for twenty years, and I agreed to this marriage. Of course it is I who is held accountable!" Odin's grip on Loki's hand tightened and he stared at Loki, hard. "His actions are not *your* fault. You know this, Loki? Do not blame yourself for the hurt he has caused you."

Loki's throat was too tight, and he could not give an answer. His heart knew this was true, yet still the doubting voices continued to plague him.

"Of course not, Allfather," he mumbled in a subdued voice, trying very hard to believe it. "But what can I do, when it is my very race that he blames?"

At that the king's face turned stormy and hard. His spine straightened as he stood, his demeanor changing and becoming an absolute monarch once again, a warrior of old. Power and control radiated from him, and Loki sat in his shadow and could see the man who had bested his father. It made him shiver.

"I will right this wrong. This is where it will end. I will tolerate his childish behavior no longer!"

Grasping the shaft of his mighty spear Odin began to stroll down the length of the hall, his stride purposeful, his one eye burning. Loki felt a great dread and scurried to catch up.

"Wait, Allfather! What are you going to do?"

"What I should have done a long time ago to cool his head and save the realms! I shall banish him."

Loki tripped over the marble floor but caught himself, panting. "Banish? To where?"

"Bring me Thor!" Odin bellowed to the guards who bowed and rushed off with the sound of clanking metal. Loki grabbed onto the front of Odin's vest and pulled him around in a brazen act.

"Banish where?" He demanded again. If Thor was lost entirely what would that mean to the realms? Or for him?

"To Midgard," Odin replied, his voice as tough as leather. "He can live among the mortals and learn humility that way, for he has not learned it from me these past two decades. Nor will I allow you to continue to suffer him either."

Loki blinked, his mind running through the scant knowledge he had of the backwater realm. "Without his powers? Do you really think such a thing would work?"

"He can stay as long as need be," grunted the king.

"B-but I have not conceived yet! That was our agreement!"

Odin was unrelenting. "And do you know how long that would take?"

Loki paused. "Well, no...."

"And given the current circumstances that you hold with Thor, do you still think it likely?"

Loki flinched, pulling away, his mind flickering back to earlier when Thor had so vehemently confessed his hatred for Loki, and all of Jotunheim. Loki had tried to see past it all, tried to see the man beneath the monster thirsty for his blood, but there was only a wall that he could not penetrate.

"I-I... just need time..." He quailed, hating this feeling of everything about to slip through his fingers. He didn't want to give up, not yet.

"Time is something that I have already given him. He has wasted it. He has dishonored this realm, his status, and his mother's memory. No doubt he is still planning on war, as well?"

Loki nearly choked, but he could not deny it.

"Then it is crucial to remove his influence before he does more damage to Jotunheim."

Loki shook his head, still unbelieving in what he was hearing. "But without an heir... what will you do? Your enemies will not waste this opportunity to strike when you are most vulnerable! What if you fall into the Odinsleep?"

Loki felt like he was on thin ice and it was cracking beneath his feet, spreading out in all directions with only doom awaiting him. As much as he was loathe to admit, Odin being on the throne meant that his realm was safe. The treaty had been sealed with a marriage, would Odin even keep it if he sent Loki back?

Odin's hand rested on Loki's shoulder, grabbing back his attention. "I have an heir," he said calmly, warmth and affection in his gaze. "I earned another son when my eldest married. You've been brought up in court and though it will take some time to get the Asgardian court on our side, you've already begun to earn the people's trust."

Loki could swear that his eyes could not become larger. There was a saying in his homeland: "Is Ymir's goat whispering in your ear?" Which meant that someone had told them something so impossible that it had to be made up.

"Y-you..." Loki felt a swell of insane giggles try to rise to the surface. "You would put a frost giant on the throne of Asgard?"

Odin nodded solemnly. "It is entirely legal and I can name whomever I want as heir. If Thor never returns we must be prepared to keep the peace without him." That thought alone seemed to bring back his heavy grief but Odin pushed it away once more. "We must think of the good of the realm."

It was madness. A part of Loki liked the poetic justice, but the rest of him knew it would never, ever work. In desperation he thought of his last attempt and how he could reach Thor.

"As honored as I am, the people would never accept me. It would be a civil war that would spill

across the nine realms, affecting my people as well. There must be another way."

Odin frowned, his arm shifting off and to his side. "What would you have me do?"

"Give me one last chance."

The two regarded each other, the silence stretching into minutes as Odin thought this over. It was clear that he had very little hope in regards for Thor, that the boy he had once known and bounced on his knee and taught to ride a warhorse was gone and there was no longer any hope of getting him back.

"Very well. This is the very last. If you cannot get him to renegade on his ill conceived notion of war then he will be banished."

Loki nodded, feeling the weight of it settling on his shoulders. "I will not fail this time."

"Do what you like with him," Odin said, waving a hand in the air. "I barely recognize him anymore. He had been so good once.... so vibrant and full of life, ready to ride at the urgent calling of a maiden's cry, or to seek some new adventure. He always upheld justice.... and honor."

Odin wiped a hand over his face, once more looking as worn out as an old harness.

"What will you do?" He asked, as if he could not help himself.

Loki straightened the old king, helped him stand taller and wiped the dust from his shoulder cape. "I shall take him to the woods, to an isolated spot where he cannot hurt anyone by accident."

"I know of just the place. And then what?"

Loki looked Odin dead in the eye. "Then I shall break him."

## Chapter End Notes

\*rubs hands together\* Now it's getting good. mwahahahhha.

# Vengeance

## Chapter Notes

Thus it begins...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The stable was a musty sweet smelling haven, the inside warm with the bodies of the animals it housed, the walls carved with scenes and twisting knots that were so intricate it would take days to follow them all. The only noise in the early morning were the random stomp of a hoof, and the chomping of hay by blunt teeth. The swish of a long tail was like the brush of a broom on stones.

Normally the stable was one of Loki's favorite places, and it saddened him that this very well might be the last time he would look upon the warm wooden walls and pet the velvet soft noses. Horses did not exist on Jotunheim, and Loki found the animals had deep souls behind their warm brown eyes, comforting him in the past months. He had enjoyed learning about their gentle nature, and when he saddled the mare who had been given to him to ride, he felt a wave of affection come over him.

That warm bubble burst at the sound of heavy boots on the stone, the scuff of leather and the swish of a cloak drawing near. Loki kept his gaze on the saddle seat in front of his nose, listening to his heart pick up its pace. But Thor said not a word to him, nor had he since yesterday after the meeting with Odin. The prince only went about the stable, taking down the tack needed for his large gelding. When it came to getting his horse ready, Thor preferred to do it himself, and the stable hands knew it.

Loki checked the heavy bags on the saddle, to be certain they were sound. Enough supplies to last for a month, if rationed well, and a shelter waiting for them. The story that was circulating was that the prince and his husband were going on a hunt to have time to themselves.

It wouldn't be a hunt. But it might be a slaughter.

The Jotun heard a rough cough behind him and the gruff voice he knew so well by now. "Let us go before the sun gets high."

Silently Loki nodded and mounted his horse, settling into the worn leather with a bit of shifting. His legs hung down the sides but the mare was tall and had been as patient as a stone while Loki had learned to keep his seat. She gave a huff when Loki turned the reins, following the other horse from the stable. She knew who to follow, Loki just had to concentrate on not falling off. He was getting better.

The morning was crisp and brittle, sunny but with a threat of clouds in the distance, as if just waiting to be allowed to move in. Thor lead the pair and the pack horse to the side of the palace, exiting by a side gate, the arch covered with runes for safe travel. It emptied into a light forest, well kept by the palace grounds keeper. The sun beams easily filtered through the green ceiling and for a while it was a pleasant ride.

As long as Loki ignored the solid muscle mass of discontent to his right it was pleasant. Odin had been very stern the day before, harsh even, giving Thor a lashing with his tongue that had been

coming for some time.

*"You have been reckless, irresponsible, and unbecoming of a prince of Asgard! This behavior will no longer be tolerated! The realm needs a break from your storms and anger."*

*"Will you send me to bed without any supper, Father?"*

*"No, I shall remove your title and bind your powers until you come to remember what they are originally intended for!"*

*"You'll- what?! You cannot do that! "*

*"As king of Asgard I believe I can. Not only do you put this realm at risk with your uncontrollable emotions, I hear talk of the way you treat your consort. I highly doubt that Loki has earned your ire in the short time he had been here."*

*"He should never have been allowed in here to begin with! If you had only listened to me-"*

*"Then we would be buried in snow right now, with half of our armies dead. I gave you a chance, Thor, and you have not only disappointed me as the realms prince, but as a son. You put your personal vendetta over the welfare of others. That ends now!"*

Loki was momentarily distracted by the fluttering of a bird close by, the forest had darkened around him as they had ridden, becoming closer and thicker, the air still and threatening. The trees looked more wild.

"You know the way well, yes?" He asked, breaking the unspoken law of no speaking between them.

Thor gave an offended snort. "I have been there many times. It is a traditional retreat for the royal family."

"Oh good. I should hate to become lost due to my guide's incompetence."

Thor shot Loki a glare but the Jotun remained as cool as ice, watching the wildlife skitter away into the underbrush at their approach. There was so much stillness, Loki could barely breathe. He wanted to feel the wind in his hair again. He wanted to be out of this oppressive forest.

Finally, after several hours of riding the two of them came to a clearing between two mountains, a quiet cleft surrounded by the eternal woods. There was a stillness there, of ancient wisdom. Loki found it both stirred him and put him at rest. He decided he liked this retreat.

Climbing down from his mare proved to be difficult, his legs and hips sore from riding for so long. The Jotun winced and made a mental note to ride more often to build up the strength in his muscles. Without a word he began unpacking his saddle while Thor did the same. The two worked in tandem, and for a while the only sound was that of creaking leather and the rustling of the horses.

The small house in the middle of the clearing was well built, and Loki could see the protective spells that kept decay and outside disturbances away. No wildlife could get in, and it did not need much on upkeep. It was a rustic wooden building, with a separate shack for curing meat. It was a perfect hunting lodge.

With the supplies inside Loki saw to the horses, taking care of his mare and the pack horse while Thor cared for his own. Still they did not speak and the air was heavy. When Loki was finished he

went inside to set the house in order, but he found his thoughts were wandering as he searched the kitchen.

*This is your last chance, Thor. I am sending you and Loki to the royal retreat, and you shall both stay there until you mend your ways, give up this idea of war, or you kill each other.*

*Which would you prefer, your majesty?*

*I care not.*

Loki was shaken from his memory at the sudden sound of something breaking. Hurrying to the window he spotted Thor with an axe attacking a pile of wood, splitting the large chunks into smaller chunks, his arms and back flexing beneath his riding clothes. It was a sight to appreciate normally, but Loki had other things on his mind.

Trotting out of the house, Loki drew close to the growing wood pile and lingered, silently watching his husband bend and flex and chop. If Thor noticed him, he did not make any comment. The occasional grunt was the only other sound.

Finally Thor buried the axe in the stump and turned, grabbing his cloak from the ground and wiping the sweat from his face. "There, that ought to keep us for a while. Can you cook, little giant?"

He strode right past Loki without seeing him, causing the familiar resentment to rise in Loki's throat. "I can cook well enough. It won't be palace food, but it will be edible."

His husband grunted in some form of approval. "Very well. Then once we get settled you can start on my dinner."

Loki could hear the sound of his teeth grinding together. This was the moment, he decided. He was not going to bear this any longer. Crossing his arms, he hummed in consideration.

"Hmmm, no."

Thor halted, body going rigid at the refusal. He turned to fix Loki with a stare. "What did you say?"

Loki tilted his head, meeting the gaze. "I said no, was that not plain? Not this time."

Thor looked genuinely confused, glancing from the wood pile to the Jotun, as if trying to fit the pieces together. "I know you are not used to work, but it is just us out here. We must both do the jobs required."

Loki huffed and gave a very small, ironic smile. "How right you are."

"Then... since I have started on the chores you can cook the food."

"Or, if you want dinner you can ask me for it."

Thor's expression was beginning to darken. "I did just request for you to-"

"Oh no, you did not *request*. You *ordered*. I am not your servant, nor will I be treated like I am beneath you. Starting now you will show me courtesy and respect."

Thor was practically shaking with anger, his fist clenching like he wanted to grasp the handle of the axe. "That is not how this will work."



"Enlighten me."

"While we are here I will do the hunting and the chores-"

"Am I a sickly child, or a weakling? Meant to tend the house? I know how to hunt and I daresay I would be better than you at it! We can take turns with the chores, as well as the cooking. If you know not how to braise meat I can teach you."

Now the blonde came thumping over, invading Loki's space, standing chest to chest to use his superior build and weight to intimidate. "You will do as you are told," he growled threateningly. "That is how this will work."

Loki did not budge, his red eyes set like steel, lips curling in derision. "Or what, Thor? Will you hit me again?"

Thor paused, an emotion fluttering across his face and was gone. But he did not raise his hand. He was stuck here with this disrespectful Jotun until his father saw fit to call him back to the palace. Which would happen sooner rather than later. Odin would fall into the sleep and he would need his heir. Or so Thor kept telling himself.

Loki was watching him, waiting for an answer. When Thor did not give one he tapped on the close chest. "Well. Perhaps you are learning."

Thor scowled and turned about, marching away. "Do as you please. The Allfather does not care what I do with you anymore. He has abandoned you to my mercy."

Loki snorted and followed at a sedate pace. "The Allfather has done no such thing. He knows what I am capable of, and he never made the mistake of underestimating his mate."

Thor stumbled, perhaps over a root, and stopped.

Loki stopped as well, just a few feet away. "Oh, is something wrong?"

The other shook his head and kept going towards the house. Loki did not follow.

"Are you sure you are not injured?"

"I am fine."

"If you insist. Perhaps you need Mother to kiss it all better. Only she's not here to do that, is she?"

The sudden stillness after the mocking sentence was as dangerous as a knife at the throat. A stunned Thor turned slowly, latching onto the sight of the battle ready Jotun.

"What," he asked in a low voice, "did you just say?"

Loki's brows came together, the itchy need to fight shifting his stance. "That is the second time you have proven deaf. Did your mother not teach you to listen when others spoke? Or perhaps she tried and you've just forgotten."

Muscles in Thor's arms and jaw twitched. Darkness began to roll in over the sky, thunder running in the distance. "Do not. Ever. Speak of my mother again."

If Thor's slow dangerous speech affected Loki he did not show it, looking as relaxed as could be. "Why not? Is the queen such a taboo subject? I am her replacement, after all. I should know as much about her as possible. Come to think of it, you do not mention your mother at all though you

are her only son. Why is that, Thor? Are you ashamed of her?"

Quicker than a rabbit Thor was gripping Loki by the throat, his snarling face just inches from Loki's. "I said! Do not speak of her!"

Loki was gripping onto the thick wrist, struggling to remain on his toes and breathe. He bared his teeth to snarl back at his husband, as pent up fury shone in his face. "Someone has to! You cannot continue to shut your eyes and pretend any longer! All this time you have tried to bury her in your heart, but she is crying out for you to listen! To remember!"

Thor shook him, hard, his grip tightening. "I will not listen to a filthy Jotun speak of my mother! You have no right!"

Loki's voice was growing hoarse but he kept speaking. "I have... every right! My people suffered for your grief!"

A dagger flashed out, hidden in Loki's vambrace, and sliced across the forearm that held him. Thor cried out and dropped him, covering the shallow wound with the other hand to stop the flow. Loki danced back, out of reach, breathing heavily and rubbing his throat, swallowing several times to work moisture back into it.

The two men stared at each other across the distance, neither moving for some time. There was a behemoth of emotions that were boiling to the top, causing the wind to pick up and the sky to grow heavy with the threat of rain and lightning and death.

Loki had crossed a line, and there was no going back. He had ripped down the curtain and revealed the ugly truth that was beneath their marriage. The reason behind the curse, behind Thor's grief, the reason why the sight of Loki was abhorrent in Thor's eyes was staring at them both.

The murder of his mother.... by the hands of front giants.

## Chapter End Notes

How dare I leave it there. Rude.

Also it wasn't much of a plot twist, but I hope it had a good effect. \*crosses fingers\*

# Mortal Kombat

## Chapter Notes

That title is a joke.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The air was heavy, charged with particles that could explode into white light at any moment. The trees in the woods nearby held their breath, waiting and watching for the next move. The wildlife had fled, sensing danger in their territory.

Loki was also waiting, gauging the enraged man who stood a short distance away. The dagger in his hand dripped with the blood stolen from the Asgardian's veins, the heart in his chest beating fiercely. His neck and lungs still hurt from the abuse, but Loki could not afford to pay attention to the pain. His focus was on Thor, and the danger in his eyes.

Loki flinched when Thor's hand shot out to the side, the air humming as something very heavy quickly approached. Thor caught his weapon, then advanced a few steps towards the Jotun.

"You will keep your mouth shut about matters that you do not understand."

"Oh, I do not understand?" Loki sneered. "Then it must be someone else's kin who fell beneath that very hammer! Someone else must have counted the bodies beside his grieving father, and told the families of the dead the tragic news! Someone else who risked his very life to come here to make it all stop!"

"Your life was forfeit the instant you set foot on Asgardian soil!"

"Then why did you not kill me then? Change of heart?"

"I admit, the prospect of humiliating my enemy won that day."

Loki's eyes flashed with rage, the two of them slowly circling each other. Now Loki was close to the house and Thor's back was to the trees, but the circuit was repeating. The sky boiled, and lightning flashed in the distance, coming closer.

"So twenty years has not been long enough to slack your thirst for Jotun blood?"

Thor grinned, a wild look as the wind whipped his hair around, driving it away from his eyes. "A thousand years will not be enough. I swore to rid the Nine of your filthy race."

Loki straightened up from his crouch. "Ah, then let us know the why, shall we? Is an entire race at fault for the sins of a few? Why should my people be hunted down like dogs when the ones responsible for killing the queen are already dead?"

Thor clenched his fists again at the mention of his mother. "Is it really that difficult to understand? First they robbed me of my mother, then I was robbed of my vengeance!"

Loki let out a laugh. "Because the giants were already dead by the time the guards arrived? The queen had killed her assailants and then perished from her wounds. The reports were that the

queen's final burst of magic destroyed half of the vault."

"Yes," Thor growled. "I was there. The vault they had tried to break into using sorcery to cloak them. It was your people's greed that took my mother!"

"Greed?" Loki demanded, incensed. "Greed?! To reclaim the ancient artifact that belongs to my people? That which Odin stole! You call that greed? If it was anyone's fault for her death it was her own, for she went unaccompanied down to the vault to take on three giants and a fully formed Jotun sorcerer!"

A mighty roar erupted from Thor's throat, his hammer swinging suddenly. Loki dodged to the side and the hammer went through a tree, exploding the woods into chips which were picked up by the wind and tossed about.

"How dare you speak of her like that! She was a mighty shield maiden, and stronger than an army!"

Loki drove in the dagger with his cold words of reality, silently begging the late queen for forgiveness for his disrespect. "And still she died."

Another roar ripped through the clearing, more trees shattering as Thor pursued the Jotun through the woods. Loki kept dancing back and back, coming close sometimes to having his head be in the way of the hammer swing. He used illusions and distractions to make sure he remained one step ahead, but Thor eventually stopped the chase, his sides heaving as he searched the area for any sign of blue.

Thor had not completely taken leave of his senses. He knew a chase through the woods would take too long and provide Loki too much opportunity to slip away. The man waited and listened, until his quarry once more showed himself, off to his right and to the side of an oak. They continued to glare at one another, neither backing down.

A slow, nasty smile spread across Thor's face. "I have been looking for the perfect excuse to start my war. I had thought to kill you on our wedding day, but now will be just as good. Here in the woods no one will know what transpired, they will all believe me when I say you tried to murder me."

Loki tipped his head. "Except Heimdall, who surely has his gaze on us now."

Thor hesitated, and Loki cackled.

"You really don't think, do you? You just let your emotions guide you like a child! What about Asgard and the affects war would have on your people, did you stop to consider that?"

Thor straightened his shoulders. "My warriors would follow me into battle for a noble cause!"

The Jotun sneered and shook his dagger at Thor. "The other warriors know a senseless act when they see it. They do not want war. Come now, Thor! Your mind runs in circles with only one thought because you will not face the loss of your mother. It is time to put her to rest and move on!"

*"No, it hurts too much!!"*

Blindly Thor swung, hitting another tree that shattered, unable to stand up to the star forged metal. The wind screamed around them, blowing the bits and shards of wood in circles. Lighting split the sky but the rain did not yet come.

After a time Thor became still again, half crouched in the middle of chaos and carnage, though gladly there was no blue corpse amongst the wreckage. Loki was a safe distance away, eyes wide at the mess. He had pushed Thor far indeed, and the man was losing what little control he had, but Loki was not done with the thunderer yet. He crept a little closer so he did not have to scream above the wind.

The mighty warrior was soaked in sweat, splinters clinging to his blonde hair. He looked dangerous still, just ready to spring up and catch his prey unaware.

Beneath the wind Loki heard him speak. "You don't know... you do not understand..."

Of all the nonsense that Thor had spoken this was what made Loki's blood boil. "You fool! Do you believe to be the only one who had lost their mother? The only one who has felt that bitter agony? My mother died when I was so young, I barely remember what she looked like! Most of the memories I hold dear are vague impressions of tender arms and a soothing voice, of ice baths and midnight skating! Faubati perished because she would not stay inside while her child was lost in a blizzard, instead she selflessly sacrificed her life for theirs! Is that not what mothers are supposed to do?"

He received no answer, only a faint movement of Thor's head, like he was trying to shake the ghosts of the past off of his shoulders. He slumped even further against the ground.

Loki dared to take another step closer. "At least you had your mother for most of your life. At least she taught you. Held you. Watched you grow to be a man. She shared with you her mind and values, and you knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she loved you! Ask yourself, are you truly the son that she raised? Look at her, Thor! Look!"

The man on the ground flinched, then slowly raised his head, the tormented azure eyes following Loki's pointing finger to a figure that stood in the shadow between the trees. The figure strode forward, lowering its hood with dainty hands, revealing a kind and wise face, her cheeks still smooth despite her age, with thin wrinkles barely visible around her lovely blue eyes. The similarities between her and Thor were striking, their hair color exactly the same shade, the same shape to their eyes and mouth.

Thor was stricken, staring at the image of his mother, hardly moving. The wind died down suddenly, leaving a stillness that was more ominous than quiet. A settling of eery calm on the bones, making the hair rise on the neck.

He stared, and he stared, as if frozen. Frigga wore a smile, a look of sweet comfort and woeful happiness to look upon her son once more. From a few feet away Loki was concentrating on the image, licking nervous lips as he watched Thor, scrutinizing every detail to make sure that it was perfect. She stood with perfect posture, regal command woven into her spine. He knew it was excellent, having seen the skillful paintings and portraits of the late queen, though they had been tucked away in a shrine like room.

"Mother?" Thor whispered, the only sound in the stillness, lifting a hand as he did so to reach for her.

Frigga's smile slipped, the happiness draining from her face leaving only sorrow and disappointment. She shook her head at Thor, lowering her eyes to the ground. Thor's expression began to crumble, his hand still straining, staining to reach her.

That's when Loki spoke, his voice clear and steady. "Do you think that Frigga, who loved you and loved this realm above all else, would be happy with your actions? Do you think she would rather

have revenge than your peace? Would the blood of a thousand frost giants, their women and children, make her soul find rest? Or is she crying out for the wrongs you have committed, for your pain? Look at her, Thor, and tell her that everything was what she would have wanted!"

Thor was shaking, eyes unfocused, a sound like a dying animal choking in his throat. The ground was giving way beneath him, the air was twisting, constricting, squeezing him on all sides. Nothing was real, he could not find anything solid to hold onto.

But there was Mjolnir. Good, loyal Mjolnir. The weapon hummed in his hand, searching for the cause of his pain, begging for him to smash it into oblivion. Her voice had guided him through many battles, had accompanied him to Jotunheim countless times. She did not recognize the figure, could sense no other life than the familiar one standing close by.

It brought Thor back into focus, gave him something to latch onto, to channel his renewed anger and hurt. His gaze shifted from his mother to the Jotun, the one whom he could blame.

"What is this trickery?" He demanded, his grip tightening on Mjolnir's handle. "You dare to use my mother's image to beguile me?"

Loki's heart began to race, seeing the descent and rejection of all humanity in Thor's eyes. He only had to push a little... more. He poured all the righteous fury and vitriol he could manage into his last effort. "Then you can look at her with no shame? Would she be proud of you, Thor? Or would she be *ashamed* to call you her son?"

"ENOUGH!" Thor screamed, raising the hammer and bringing it down to the earth, sending a shock wave of power out before him, knocking Loki of his feet and spraying soil everywhere. The image of Frigga flickered out and disappeared. "I WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD!"

The thunder god had snapped, his reason replaced by pure rage. All other thoughts had been driven out except the need to kill, to hurt and maim, to silence the shrieking accusations that he had no defense against.

Loki knew his life was in the balance, it was time to retreat, and he wasted no time in stumbling back, away from the advancing Aesir with burning eyes. Every illusion he conjured was shattered with the hammer. Even worse, Thor no longer held back with his lightning, striking trees and bush recklessly in an attempt to reach Loki, who barely managed to dodge. He threw the hammer that burst through the evergreen Loki was hiding behind, bringing the tree screaming to the ground a bare inch from where Loki rolled to safety, then the hammer disappeared in the distance, landing with a sickening crash.

Fear was ever present in Loki's mind, quickening his steps and urging him on. He knew how his kin must have felt, fighting the crazy monster who came every year to hunt and kill. In his mind flashed the memories of rows of corpses, of his father placing furs over the mangled faces. He was living the curse, trying to just stay alive. In Thor's eyes was nothing but death, not a shred of mercy lurking there. His berserk rage demanded only one thing: blood.

Thor's wild cries pursued him through the forest, the sky above breaking at last, pouring down torrential rains that soaked the forest instantly. Loki was certain this was the fiercest storm he had ever encountered. The wind shoved him against trees, bruising his skin, their branches cracking and falling in droves. Loki had as bad a time stumbling through the underbrush as he did listening for signs of pursuit. He could no longer hear Thor, though the sound of heavy boots followed him for some time until he could no longer hear anything except the driving of the rain and the shrieking of the wind.

Rain pelted his eyes and stung his skin, making it difficult to see farther than a foot before his feet. Loki had no plan, no means of retreat. His only thought was to reach the eastern mountain where there was a cave that Odin had shared with him. It would be shelter, at least, to ride out the storm.

If it ever stopped.

## Chapter End Notes

Oh boy. I think I hurt myself writing this.

# Repentance

## Chapter Notes

I shall have mercy. Here is another chapter. Ya'll are amazing with your comments. xD  
I love you guys.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sharp fingers of dense water clawed at Loki's face as he stumbled through the trees, barely making out the shadow of the mountain before him. He knew he was somewhere at its base, the trees thinning out around boulders and stone outcroppings. The rain made him feel twenty pounds heavier and yet the winds still picked him up and tossed him about like leaf, shoving him against trees and making him stumble.

The hurricane was just as fierce as when it started, a testament to Thor's internal chaos that was finally let off its leash and allowed to seek and destroy as it saw fit. Loki felt like a target, exposed and vulnerable to the winds that hated him, the lightning that sought his flesh, and the rain that tried to drown him. He could do nothing else except stumble on, growing ever nearer to the side of the mountain.

Then suddenly he was there, walking blindly into a rock instead of a tree. Loki shielded his eyes against the rain and saw a dark smudge that might be a cave, the screeching wind tried to stop him from reaching it.

It *was* a cave. A narrow but warm cave, in the lee of the wind so it was snug and dry. Loki had never been more relieved to see a cave in his life, and he lowered his aching and soaked body to the floor, his back against the rough wall. His clothes were saturated, and he felt like his skin had been grated off, scoured down to his bones.

With a groan he leaned his tired head against his knees, shivering violently in the aftermath of his struggle. A pool of water was gathering under him as it dripped from his body and hair to the floor, but he paid it no mind. He kept replaying the scene at the edge of the woods, of Thor's anger, his fury, and then his hurt and shock at seeing the figure of his mother.

Loki had not wanted to do it. He had hoped that he would not have to resort to such harsh measures, but he had run out of options. Though he had failed. Thor had given over to his berserk rage, seeking to kill Loki where he stood. The certainty of it still plagued him, the fear that had coiled in his stomach making him flee for his life. Every second through the trees and the storm Loki had expected a hand on his throat, or the steel hammer crashing into him, breaking him into many pieces.

He had not only failed his people, he had failed Odin, and he had failed Thor.

Loki clutched his knees tighter, the hot feeling in his throat threatening to spill out and overwhelm him.

What was he going to do now?

There was a crack of lightning just outside the cave entrance, illuminating the interior and



revealing a dark menacing figure in its gaping maw.

Loki sprang to his feet in an instant, his knife gripped hard in his hand, extended and ready to defend himself. His heart hammered almost painfully in his chest and Loki fought the panic in his lungs. Thor was right there, blocking the only way out, his large shape illuminated once more by a flash of lightning, but his face remained in shadow. Loki had no retreat and he knew no amount of begging was going to save his life.

But he was going to die with honor, fighting to the last.

Loki waited, his labored breathing the only sound in the cave, while outside the storm raged. Thor had not moved for some time, only stood there, silent and threatening.

Just as Loki was about to speak the large man took a step inside the cave, startling him into moving back until he hit the back wall of the cave. His legs were shaking, and he doubted he could run even if the way was clear.

Thor took another step into the cave, then another. Then, just as Loki thought he would attack the Aesir, he stopped, his knees folded beneath him, and the mighty warrior crashed to the floor, hanging his head low in defeat.

Stunned, Loki watched suspiciously to see if it was a trick. Thor's hands were empty, no hammer at his side, but that did not indicate helplessness. The thunder outside was rolling away, only the occasional flicker of lightning showing now. The rain came down in a steady sheet, but the wind had stopped its angry howling.

Perhaps it was the change in the storm that convinced him, but Loki decided to take a cautionary step forward.

"Thor?" He called out, licking his lips. "What happened?"

At the sound of his voice Thor flinched, his hand twitching upward until they were before his face, and he stared at them as if they had betrayed him.

"Mjolnir, she... has rejected me. She refuses the call of my hand. I have been deemed... *unworthy*." With a broken cry he buried his face in the large hands, the broad shoulders shaking violently.

That was something Loki had *not* expected. It was true that the mighty hammer was absent, and Loki recalled last seeing the magic weapon disappear amongst the splintered trees.

Loki considered his husband coldly, feeling a righteous satisfaction that one of his defining objects had been taken away. "Well, Thor? Why do you suppose you are unworthy?"

Thor hiccuped in an attempt to calm down enough to speak. "My aim was true, and any second I was sure I would see my hammer throw you to the ground and break you." Loki felt ice slip down his spine in horror, but he didn't speak as Thor continued. "But she flew wide, passing you by. She had never done that before, always obeying my every command. We have been together for so long and have seen many battles together. But she objected to this action. Though my heart was filled with the urge to kill, she refused. When she did not return I found her in the woods, but when I touched the handle to retrieve her.... she remained as immovable as a mountain. I bent my strength and strained every muscle but still she remained silent! Only the worthy may wield Mjolnir and her decision is that I am no longer fit for that honor!"

Before Loki's eyes the mighty thunderer dissolved into another fit of sobs that racked his body, collapsing even further against himself. Loki had no words to find on his tongue that would be

appropriate, too stunned to work it out.

Thor spoke again, his voice a thick and ragged mess. "I have failed! Failed in my ill conceived quest for revenge. Such a foolish thing! I have failed as a prince, as a husband, and.... and as a son. You are right, Loki, she *would* be ashamed to call me her own!"

A great sigh escaped Loki, and against his better judgment he lowered his knife, slipping it back into its sheath in the vambrace. It was pointless now, there was no fight left in Thor. He was well and truly broken.

Loki continued to use caution as he approached, his senses on the alert in case Thor tried to grab him, but the crying warrior remained where he was, not even raising his head.

That's when pity took over and Loki was no longer afraid. Tugging on their shoulder he directed Thor to follow him to the side wall of the cave and kneeling beside the other he opened his arms in an invitation. Surprisingly, Thor accepted, leaning into Loki as he continued to weep, his tears falling in Loki's lap and chest. As if he could get any wetter.

It was a gradual thing, Thor leaning in further, now burying his face against Loki's chest as the Jotun's blue arms encircled Thor's shoulders. After a brief hesitation Loki brought his hand up to stroke the wet, dirty blonde hair, making small noises of comfort to the weeping god.

It took a long time for Thor to unload his grief, having bottled it up for two decades with rage and bitterness. Eventually the gale subsided, the Aesir exhausting his tears. Even the rain outside the cave was lighter, calmer. The wind no longer rushed through the trees and there was not a hint of thunder. The storm had been stopped.

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Far away in the castle on a wide brimmed balcony Odin Allfather stood and watched as the weather shifted, growing calmer by the minute. When the savage hurricane had descended across all of Asgard his heart had broken anew. He could feel Thor's rage and grief in the shrieking of the wind. Some advisors had screamed at him to do something or the city would flood, but Odin could pay them no heed. His consciousness was locked on the struggle before him, of his son's wrestle with the darkest part of himself, and always his worry came back to Loki. That quiet, yet serene little giant, braver than any he had known in his long lifetime, save perhaps Frigga.

Was he hurt? Had Thor done the unspeakable? How would Odin know?

He could only watch, and pray to the Norns that Loki would not fail.

When the shift came it was noticeable. The wind died to a murmur, and the lightning grew scarce. The thunder was less threatening, only a gentle rumble in the sky. Odin's heart lifted with hope, and for the first time in years he dared to believe that his son might come home. The old king lifted his face to the skies, and smiled.

I know ya'll have been hating Thor for a long time now, but WHEW! Things are finally turning around. This is quite a dramatic change of heart, and in no way reflects reality. But there are the cases, that when someone is confronted with their wrongdoings, they repent, and want to change.

Yay for Thor! <333 I love making my babies cry. >\_>

As to why Mjolnir waited this freaking long to deem him unworthy? That gets explained.

# After The Storm

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry for the delay, but here is the new chapter. As a heads up, I will be going in for surgery next week, I hope to have the last chapter finished and written before then. I don't know how much time writing I will have, I may be pretty weak for a few days. So keep me in your thoughts and prayers, and I'll try to continue to regularly post. <3

I forget to mention that I am chaos-in-the-making on tumblr

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the new stillness that had settled into the cave, Loki became aware of just how cold and uncomfortable he was, shivering against the jagged wall that cut into his back. Thor was a heavy weight on his chest and shoulders, but he did not dare to shift the big man just yet. Besides, It felt remarkably good to hold him in this calm fashion. There was no thunder, no aggression, no threats. Just the two of them in the stillness.

They had not spoken for a while, and Thor occasionally still made little gasping breaths as he reclined on Loki's lap, soggy and soaked and as diminished as a disciplined puppy.

Loki was the first to break the silence. "I am going to heat the air and dry us out. It will be slow, but we will not be cold." Thor made no noise of protest.

A moment of concentration and little flickers of flames appeared in the air, fluttering around before dissipating, leaving a warm bubble around the two occupants. Eventually Thor's shaking ceased, and Loki could relax and shift to a more comfortable position. He drew Thor closer, rubbing his hands over the bulging arms to warm them. Thor shivered, but did nothing to make him stop.

Finally, Loki could take the silence no more and he whispered into the dim light. "Tell me.... what she was like."

Thor stiffened, reluctant to talk about the newly opened wound.

"You do not have to speak yet if you do not wish to."

The thunderer heaved a great sigh and relented. Why should he hold back now? He began in a restrained voice, barely a whisper above the gently falling rain.

"She was.... The best mother a boy could ask for. She was light and laughter. She always knew when I needed her, even when I had not the words to explain myself."

With halting steps Thor spoke of his mother, and how much he missed her smile, her gentle touch. How he would lie in her lap as a boy as she read stories, and play in her garden when she worked. He recalled for Loki how strong the queen was, sitting beside the throne of the Allfather, never speaking, but all it took was her hand to lay itself over her husband's arm and Odin would fall silent, bending to her wisdom.

Frigga was the heart and soul of the palace, and while the entire population had loved her, Thor

had adored her the most.

Loki listened, holding his husband close as Thor cried softer tears than the heaving sobs of earlier. These were healing tears now, a tribute to the one lost. Thanks to Loki's spell, the chill of the cave was gone, their bodies now sharing a comfortable warmth.

The talk took a dangerous turn as Thor spoke of the day the rogue frost giants broke into the weapons vault in an attempt to steal back the Ancient Casket, but Frigga had been there by chance and had single handedly defeated them.

Loki could hear the pride in Thor's voice, of the power his mother possessed, but he had been the first to reach the vault, the first to cradle her lifeless body, and something had broken within him. All honor, duty, and reason he shoved into a vault in his mind and locked it. Only the burning lust for revenge drove him on.

Even after Odin had made inquiries and sent emissaries to Jotunheim, and after Laufey had denied all ties with the giants responsible, declaring them outlaws and malcontents, Thor had still blamed Laufey, calling him a liar and a murderer.

Loki knew what came after that. Thor had sworn that he would wipe the realms of all frost giants, seeking his revenge on the ones who murdered his mother. He paid no attention to the fact that those responsible were already dead, and was convinced that only the destruction of the entire Jotun race would quiet the chaos of his soul.

"What a fool I am," Thor admitted, his voice as rough as a bullfrog. He had not lightened up his grip on Loki, who did not mind being used as a wet rag. This was better progress than Loki had achieved in months.

"It is about time you agreed with me," Loki replied, his fingers trailing through the matted blonde hair and worked on the snags. To his surprise, Thor shook with a strange sound that he came to realize was laughter.

"Have I amused you?" Loki demanded, but there was no heat in his voice.

Thor turned his face up, his smile serene as he regarded the Jotun. "Is there more I should agree with?"

Thor was smiling. Thor was smiling... at *him*. Something flipped about in Loki's stomach, halting his brain from working and creating a witty retort.

"Just agree with whatever I say," Loki answered, firmly telling the little flutters to calm down.

"Yes, dear."

It was ridiculous, such a meek sentence coming from the blood thirsty warrior. A bubble of laughter struggled in Loki's chest before he could no longer hold it in. "Ehehe! That is a good start."

"I learned that from my father," Thor said with a wider grin. "When my mother would give him a look he said could force a sword to sharpen itself."

Loki nodded. "My father said my mother had a similar look: one that could make a thousand year old ice crack."

It was such a change, the lighter mood, that neither man wanted to do or say anything to cause it to

shatter. It was a tentative connection, delicate and fragile. Loki continued to stroke Thor's hair, while Thor continued to lie in his husband's arms and allowed the peace to soak into his weary bones.

While the quiet stillness was a gift, eventually the guilt and shame caused Thor to stir, sitting up and gazing at Loki, who could see by the slumped shape of his shoulders and the crumple of his brow that Thor was troubled.

"There is so much... so much I need to say. The first should be, Loki, that I have treated you poorly. It is clear to me that I have disgraced myself with my behavior towards you. I know I have no right to ask for a second chance, but..."

Here Thor's speech failed him, the words choking in his throat. Loki's chest felt so thick he could say nothing, his hands clutching Thor's tightly, while his eyes burned. Silently he willed Thor on. This needed to be said. Loki needed to hear this admission. The hurt in his heart demanded some recompense.

"You came here... knowing what I was like. How much I hated you. How I hated your people. I- I could not do the same in your place."

Loki lifted his nose in a haughty manner. "If you think you can appease me with flattery.... you may continue."

Alright, so Loki was enjoying this show of remorse and metaphorical groveling. He deserved an apology after all he had suffered. Or ten.

Thor gave a weak smile, his thumbs rubbing the Jotun's delicate wrists. "Is there... anything I can say or... or do to begin to make amends?"

Loki could hardly believe what he was hearing. All his plans and troubles of the past months, the pain of his people for the past twenty years, had come down to this moment. Loki thought he would be more nervous, but a steady, righteous calm had settled over him. Blue lips thinned, his voice became hard as he stared the big man down. "You know why I agreed to this marriage?"

Thor hesitated only for a moment, before he nodded, his shoulders looking heavier. "Aye. To end the curse I brought to Jotunheim."

"Then if you wish for my forgiveness, to put to rest the souls you have killed, and quiet the cries of their families, then you will swear to me now that you will bring no more violence to Jotunheim, you will declare your vengeance complete, and will no longer harbor thoughts of war."

Red eyes locked with blue, searching for something different in those depths, to continue the hope that the past hour had brought. He saw no trace of the berserk rage, the burning hatred. There was an understanding and compassion that had not been there before, and a determination matched only by Loki's own.

"Before the Norns and Nine realms, I swear," Thor said, his voice steady and solid. "I will swear again before the seat of the Allfather, and again before the throne of Laufey King. Never again will my hand strike down an innocent life, and I will do what I can to repair the damage I have caused."

The words were still ringing in Loki's ears when it occurred to him that he had won. He had *won*! He had accomplished his goal. His realm was safe, his people were no longer in danger of being slaughtered, and he was still alive!

His vision blurred, the realization sinking in and causing him to shake and breathe heavily, the

shock too much for him to take all at once. He kept expecting at any moment for Thor to shout that it was a mistake and go for his throat.

Then there was a pair of strong arms holding him close, a solid chest for him to lean against, and a hand stroking his hair in a return gesture of the comfort he had given moments before. Loki gave up all semblance of pride and allowed the tears to fall, a relief to the tension that had been his constant companion.

When the shaking ceased and he felt more calm, Loki sat up again and wiped his hands across his eyes, glaring at Thor and daring him to say a word, who wisely remained silent. Loki took Thor's hands in his own, a ghost of a reminder of the ceremony when they were pledged to each other.

"Then I accept your apology, Thor Odinson. I will stand by your side and make damn certain that you keep your oath."

When Thor smiled the sun broke through the clouds, shining and glittering into their cave. The storm had swept away, and it was a new day.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for all the WONDERFUL amazing and encouraging comments.  
Thank you for sticking through this long.

Abuse and pain does not go away immediately. Not overnight, and sometimes not ever. I'm not trying to excuse or erase Thor's past actions, I'm merely giving him the opportunity to make them right. He's going to have a long and painful journey to mend what he had broken. Even after all that has happened, love endures. Loki has not automatically forgiven Thor, but he knows that this is an important step that has to be taken, for the both of them.

# Return

## Chapter Notes

I'm so happy to have gotten you guys this far! I'll be going into surgery this week, and I hope to finish the last chapter of this very soon. I don't know when I will be able to update again, but I will do it when I can. I adore everyone's comments, and they've encouraged me like you wouldn't believe! <33

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Neither prince wanted to leave, both so exhausted from their fight and the storm. They wanted to remain in this cave that had brought them peace and mended the broken bonds. They remained against the wall, warmed by Loki's spell, loosely embraced with one on the other's chest. They talked of nothing, using small chatter to fill up the cave until words no longer seemed important and the quiet was just as good, with gentle shy touches. It was reassuring, and splendid, just to hold and be held in turn.

Loki was not certain who moved first, or who sighed louder, but eventually there was an understanding that they needed to leave. There was a realm that missed its prince, and another that needed reassurance that the days of fear were over, truly over.

Loki stepped out of the cave into the gathering dusk and paused when he realized Thor was fidgeting at the entrance, looking out with misery and trepidation. Thinking that he knew what the issue was, Loki came back and slipped one cobalt hand into a tanned one.

"They will welcome you back," he smiled. "They missed you, everyone did."

Worry flickered across the strong brow, but he was looking at Loki with a glimmer of hope. "My friends... my father... I am not certain I can face them after all the destruction that I have wrought. I do not deserve their forgiveness."

Loki shook his head, carefully smoothing the tangled hair back from Thor's face. The warrior was still broken in many ways.

"You can face them, for you have never backed down from anything. If you deserve my forgiveness then you deserve theirs. It might take longer for some to give it, and I suggest first switching Sif's swords with blunt ones, but you will persevere. I know you will."

Thor had smiled and winced at the same time when Loki had mentioned Sif, but his spine straightened and his shoulders pulled back in returned confidence. When Loki looked at him like that, he would do anything to prove himself.

"There is one more thing before we return."

Thor's blue eyes questioned him and watched as the dark lips thinned.

"Amora."

Guilt caused Thor's face to crumble again, rubbing a hand on his neck in embarrassment, unable to meet Loki's eyes.



"Yes.... Amora. I-"

"I trust that you will end it swiftly and decisively," Loki jumped in. "Any further misunderstandings will be corrected, and you will make her understand there will be no contact outside of the palace in the future. I will not be shamed before the court for your indiscretion."

Thor wondered how he had missed the vein of steel that ran through this small giant. The tone gave no room for arguments, and promised swift vengeance should he fail to comply. In many ways it reminded Thor of his mother.

Thor broke into a shaky grin. "You know, I am beginning to see why you were considered Laufey's favorite. I will do as you say, Loki. I will not make the same mistakes."

Loki took a breath, held it a moment, then blew out the anger. "Say it again."

"I promise I shall-"

"No! Not that bit. Say- say my name."

Thor blinked, realizing why it was so important, and stepped closer to rest his hands on Loki's slim shoulders. He smiled warmly as he spoke. "Loki. I swear to you, I will not fail you again."

Why, oh why did that make his knees feel weak and warmth blossom in his chest? True, there was the voice of doubt in the back of Loki's mind, wondering if he could be trusted yet. It amazed Loki that he could ache for someone who had only hurt him in the past, but more than anything he wanted to be the one that Thor valued the most.

Finally he nodded. "See that you do not. Or I will not be as lenient next time."

"Lenient?" Thor demanded. "You cast a nasty spell on me!"

"Do you deny that you deserved it?" Loki asked frostily.

Thor shuffled his feet. "N-no... in hindsight it was very clever. I most certainly deserve it. Will it... stay?"

Loki tilted his head as he thought about it, drawing out Thor's agony. "It will remain...for now. Until I am certain of your sincerity. Is that fair?"

Thor looked uncomfortable, but he nodded. "Aye, tis fair. Is it... was it just Amora?"

"The spell ensures that only my touch is acceptable."

"Oh. Of course then."

With that matter settled, the two set out from the cave through the woods, passing by carnage that remained from the storm.

"How did you find me?" Loki wondered, climbing over a fallen branch.

Thor shrugged, his thoughts turned inwards. "I tracked you."

Loki frowned in disbelief. The storm was so violent there should not have been signs of his passing through the under growth. "Through the rain?"

"The storm told me where to go."

Loki rolled his crimson eyes, deciding it made no sense to him who was not a thunder god. Putting it from his mind, they both focused on fighting their way back to the cabin.

Halfway there Thor paused, deviating from their path to the right. Loki followed, his confusion lifted when they reached a small clearing where trees had fallen, and saw where Mjolnir rested against a shattered trunk. Thor was standing close by, shoulders slumped in dejection, mourning the loss of his faithful weapon.

Scooting closer, Loki was not surprised to see a few tears glistening on Thor's cheeks. The hammer was as much a part of Thor's identity as his ability to call storms.

"She was proud of me," he said in a subdued voice. "When I first proved my worth and the hammer chose me. My mother wove for me a special cape that could stand up to the weather as I flew around the realm, testing my limits. She told me to use my strength for the benefit of others, and not myself. How I have failed her..."

Loki stood looking at the hammer for some time while Thor purged himself of more tears, though they were quieter than before. That hammer.... It had slain his kin, had taken no notice of guilt or innocence, but bent to the will of its master, as a weapon should. Loki should hate it, for how much Jotun blood it had spilled. He wanted to hate it still. Yet there was a nagging voice in his head, and as much as he had to forgive Thor, he needed to understand this weapon.

Yet now it lay on the ground, silent to its master. Why had it refused to kill Loki, who was just another giant, an enemy?

Or perhaps not. Thor had sworn an oath of marriage before Odin's throne, making them one, bonded, and the hammer had recognized the one he swore to protect, and folly of its master's will, thus turning from its path and preventing such a horrible crime to occur.

Loki's life had been spared, and so had Thor's honor.

"Pick it up."

Thor's head snapped to the side in wounded shock. He glanced at the hammer, then away.

"I- I cannot. I have tried before, and was denied."

Loki came to stand next to Thor, gently grasped his right wrist and lifted the hand just above the carved leather handle. The warrior trembled, shame and guilt already deciding the outcome. He feared more rejection, the certainty that he would never again hold his beloved Mjolnir.

"What stopped your blow from landing?" Loki asked, his voice low against Thor's shoulder.

Thor swallowed thickly. "I- I do not know."

"You wished to kill me, did you not?"

Thor hung his head, his answer barely above a whisper. "Aye..."

"And now? Search thoroughly, Odinson. Is there any scrap of loathing in your heart that still longs for my death?"

Thor did not answer right away, scrunching his brow in focus as he searched and was *positive* of his choice.

"No," he said, stronger and straightening his shoulders. He turned a fraction to look at his husband. "Never again. I swear until my dying breath that I will defend and honor you."

Loki fought the smile that tugged on his lips, but eventually surrendered. "That's the most beautiful thing you have ever said to me, husband. Now pick up your weapon."

The dark blue hand pulled the brown one, until they were both lying on the worn handle, Thor's gripping it while Loki's surrounded him in strength. It felt hot to Thor, a heat not unlike the ground where lightning had just struck. It sent a shiver up his hand, traveling along the nerves to his chest.

Together they lifted.

Lightning split the sky to fuse weapon and master back together, surrounding the two in crackling, maddening power. It coursed under Thor's skin and danced in his eyes, bright white and blinding. It recognized Loki and danced around him, licking at his fingertips the way a dog would welcome a friend home. There was nothing in the universe like standing in the middle of this power and being accepted by such raw power. Thor was energy, and light, and life. Loki felt at home.

When the sparks died away until only a few lingered, Loki was able to see Thor once more. The man seemed larger, more solid, and brimming with inherent strength. When their eyes met Thor smiled and nearly took Loki's breath away.

This was the lost prince of Asgard, whom the people loved, restored to his glory.

Then an arm wrapped around Loki's waist and Thor pulled him close and kissed him, while the sky rumbled in approval.

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Entering the queen's garden was like a dream, his hand warm in Thor's, the two walking in a slow promenade as Thor pointed out his favorite flowers, or the tree he used to climb to grab some plums. Thor gazed at it all with regretful happiness, unlocking these memories for the first time in years.

Loki thought the garden appeared extra glorious, welcoming back the prince with waving lilies and reaching vines, as if they knew him by scent. He belonged here, he was one of them.

Thor did not seem surprised that Loki had been introduced to the garden. "A week ago, if I had known you had been here, I would have sought to hurt you. It was always mother's favorite sanctuary, and not many were given permission. I am glad it has been well tended."

Loki nodded. "Your father saw it was taken care of." It was impossible not to feel peace and comfort here, his steps getting lighter the more they walked.

Thor's expression grew troubled at the mention of his father, and when they rounded a corner of the garden they were met with the sight of the Allfather himself, standing still and stern before the statue of a woman of considerable beauty. Loki recognized the queen right away. She stood larger than life behind her husband, smiling with warm eyes down on everyone. A sword and shield rested by her feet, and there was bronze on her breast.

Thor seemed to shrink back against Loki, growing hesitant under the king's gaze, the great spear held and extended the way Thor had seen his father hold it countless times on the throne.

A strong squeeze in his hand reminded Thor of why they were there, and what he had already gone through to be able to take these steps towards his father and king. Were it not for Loki, Thor did

not think he could have mustered the strength to face him.

Odin watched the two approach, his cheeks smooth and without emotion, giving away none of the shock he had felt when they had first entered the garden, hand in hand, quietly talking to each other with affection and not rage. It was the first time he had seen Thor be gentle with the little Jotun, who had risked everything for the right to walk by his side as an equal. Odin had wanted to run to Thor then and there, but he stayed put and acted as king.

Loki stopped a few steps away while Thor came to stand before the king, alone. Then Odin's heart stopped as the proud warrior bent his knees and sank to the dirt, bowing deeply before him, one hand over his chest.

"Allfather," Thor began, faltering slightly as he struggled to speak. "I have failed you. Your words to me were ever wise and just, yet I could not see my cruelties in my blind lust for blood. I acted not as a prince, nor as a son, but as a fool. I come to beg of you the opportunity to make right my wrongs, handing over my power and privilege until you deem I have earned it back. Even... even if that should be never, still I will work to bring justice to the ones I have hurt. For mother's sake."

Taking from his belt the mighty hammer, Thor held it out for Odin to grasp, surrendering it to his king. "Allow me to be worthy of your name once more."

Loki felt himself swell with pride. Thor was giving up what he held dear, not for his own gain, but for the benefit of others, a sacrifice worthy of honor. It was a tremendous step, speaking of how changed his mind had become.

Odin remained unmoved, staring first at the extended handle, which he had not touched, then back to his son. Thor started to sweat, the tense silence dragging on. If he was not given this chance, then he was nothing...

The wizened hand that held the staff slipped, the golden spear of magical power crashing to the ground, shocking both Thor and Loki, who never imagined such a great weapon would fall. Thor gaped like a fish, wondering what this meant, until the king crumbled to his knees and threw his arms around his son, hugging him tightly around the neck.

Thor was so shocked, he could not move, but his father's arms were so tight he could not even twitch if he wanted to.

"The greatest worth you have to me," Odin said, "is simply being my son. Your mother would be proud."

The thickness of his father's voice and the sensation of something wet on his neck made Thor realize he was crying, which broke his last resolve. Curling his arms around them, Thor buried his face in the fur about Odin's shoulders and wept, clinging to his parent like a lost child.

Not far away, Loki struggled to keep his composure, turning slightly to the side while the singing lilies and the glowing daisies blurred in his vision, his eyes burning with unshed tears. He did not know how he had accomplished it, but the bond between father and son was restored, fulfilling his promise to the old king on the first morning of being Thor's husband.

Discreetly Loki wiped his eyes, feeling a warmth inside as he thought of Laufey and the way he would caress Loki's head in affection and approval. Suddenly Loki missed the crooked king of ice, and hoped he could return home for a visit soon.

After the tears had been shed Odin and Thor pulled apart, smiling weakly at each other, Odin

beaming brightly and patting Thor on the cheek. He started to stand but jerked to a stop, groaning.

"Oh, help me up, my boy. These old knees are not what they used to be!"

As Thor stood to pull Odin up, Loki stepped forward to help, grasping the other arm so Odin did not have to waste as much strength. Sighing when he was upright again, Odin gestured to his spear and Loki took it up to return to him. The old man promptly leaned on it, his regal bearing gone for the moment.

Odin found Loki's hand and brought it to his lips in a gesture of gratitude, his good eye still wet with emotion as he gazed at the Jotun.

"You brought my son back. My eternal gratitude is yours, Loki. There is nothing in all of Asgard that I would not deny you, for this greatest of gifts."

Loki returned the sentiment with an embarrassed laugh, feeling that warmth extend all the way down to his toes. "You might live to regret that, Allfather," he said, causing Odin to laugh, a full sound that Loki had never heard before.

"I just might! However I do not regret it now. Come, my boys! There is a feast in the making, I think! I am in the mood for a celebration the likes of which this realm had never seen!"

Odin strode off towards the exit, leaning on Thor's arm. Loki lingered for a moment, gazing up and into the face of the late queen. A soft breeze rustled his hair, almost feeling like fingers caressing him in a silent thank you.

"Wait, Father!"

Their feet stopped as Thor turned back, pulled away, and crossed back to Loki, taking both of the Jotun's hands in his own. Loki tilted his head to the side, wondering what emotions were flickering across Thor's brow. Finally Thor looked at his father.

"I have wronged many, Father, but Loki most of all. I have not been the husband that he deserves. If you would be willing to witness, I would like to renew our vows before you."

Loki stared as Odin blinked, before breaking into a smile.

"I am willing, but is he?"

Thor turned to the stunned Loki with a nervous smile and asked, "That is true. I know I have made you unhappy, and your desires are important to me. Loki, would do me the honor and marry me?"

Just when Loki thought Thor could not surprise him again, the fool goes and says ridiculous things like this! The heat in his cheeks made him realize he was flushing like a love struck youngling. Though his mouth was open, only mangled sentences came forth, making no sense at all, which only made him blush a deeper indigo.

"How could I say no, you stupid oaf?" He grumbled, unable to match the brilliance of Thor's grin that spread all over his face. Thor kissed his knuckles, making Loki want to smack him to end his misery.

"Thank you, Loki, for giving me this chance."

Loki could only nod, his clever tongue failing him for words. He felt lost and momentarily drowning as he and Thor took their places before the Allfather, their hands locked together as they

repeated their vows in the sunshine, before the statue of the queen.

This time when Thor spoke of honoring his husband and being faithful, he held Loki's gaze and squeezed his hands, conveying with sincerity his determination to uphold the vow. Loki felt weak as he also said the words, wondering if somehow he had swapped his first husband for a clone. It was so different from their ceremony and the disdain that had been in those cold blue eyes, Loki was unable to connect the two.

Odin said the final words that bound them together, tapping his staff three times on the ground. Then he gave a small cough.

"Very well, go on and kiss, and make it worth something."

Impossibly, that made Loki want to giggle, so his lips were already partly parted when Thor tilted his head back, cradled one cheek in a massive hand, and kissed him tenderly on the lips, waiting a moment to make it deeper.

Time stood still. Loki's knees felt turned to water, his fingers clutched in Thor's tunic to remain upright. Thor tasted much like he had back in the woods, of summer sunshine and rushing winds, and the aftertaste of lightning. Without realizing it, one of Loki's hands had crept up to grab the back of Thor's head, holding him close and in place.

This kiss was unlike any other. This kiss made Loki believe that Thor *wanted* him.

That alone was worth all the agony.

An exaggerated groan finally made them break the kiss. When Loki's eyes opened they were met by blue ones that were close, and reflected the same awe and wonder that he felt, though the black space had widened considerably.

"Well, I can't stand around here all day watching you two make love while there is a feast to be had," laughed the king as he strode off with the renewed vigor of a younger man.

Loki realized he was chest to chest with Thor, their arms around each other like clinging vines. Reluctantly they parted, Thor's hands finding Loki's once more. A silence had fallen between them, but it was not unpleasant. Rather, an acknowledgment of how much things had changed. Before they knew it, they were together again, their mouths finding each other's effortlessly.

They left the garden together after Thor had said a few words to his mother's epitaph, hand in hand, the way they had entered. Thor promised they would return quite often and make the garden their own personal sanctuary.

## Chapter End Notes

I really need to stop stealing moments from Disney. Seriously. I think this scene made me cry the most when I wrote it. \*sobs\* Odin's happiness is my happiness. My babies are together again.

# Renewal

## Chapter Notes

Wow Hello!! I'm doing great after my surgery, finished this little fic up, and wanted to post it before I forgot. I feel like I've run a thousand miles, and I am INCREDIBLY happy that I've finished such a long fic. I feel accomplished. Once again, you all have been just amazing in your comments and encouragements, and I continue to be amazed that people actually like my writing. <3

I needed to end this fic with some much needed love making. I feel like we need it after all the rough dub con. My babies are finally in love again, and I couldn't be happier.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The walk through the palace to the royal chambers was a strange one. The first thing that the other nobles noticed was the way the prince and his husband were at ease with each other, connected in some way, either by their hands or with Thor's arm around Loki's waist. It was a conundrum, for just a few days ago the palace had been rife with gossip of the fight between the two. Heads turned to follow them, shock mingling with concern.

Even more bemusing was the way prince Thor acted, stopping to talk quietly with a courtier or a warrior, speaking plainly and calmly, and always saying the same thing: Thor was convinced his previous actions and arguments for war were wrong. Asgard would stand with Jotunheim, and Thor was going to work on reversing the damage to both realms that had been caused by his hand.

Thor's transformation stumped the people, and the only way they knew it was not an elaborate joke was the way Thor's husband was proudly standing close by, smiling whenever spoken to, and slipping an arm about Thor's waist when they walked. Any time Thor began to raise his voice in a passionate display, Loki's touch to an elbow would calm him down. Thor treated Loki with respect before everyone, but it was so sudden that many could scarce believe it.

Loki did not mind the scepticism. It was new and extreme. The people would accept this in time, and then they would rejoice that the prince had returned to them. He was even looking forward to the feast that Odin had planned.

So it was not until the late afternoon that the pair actually made it to their chambers to change and dress. Thor and Loki both were still filthy and bedraggled from the woods, and Loki was looking forward to a bath. He stretched his arms out and sighed heavily as he entered the familiar room, tossing his travel cloak aside.

"It is strange to be back here so soon, is it not?" He said, but realized he was speaking to empty air. Loki turned to find Thor had stopped just inside the door, viewing the room with haunted eyes, gazing about the furniture and trappings as if they pained him.

"Thor?" Loki called. "What troubles you, husband?"

Thor could not meet Loki's eyes, instead taking his time to settle Mjolnir on a side table.

"It is.... nothing," Thor said, clearly lying.

Loki placed his hands on his hips and scowled. "Nonsense. Speak your mind now and tell me."

Thor's shoulders tensed, his heavy boots taking him in a wide circle of the room, until he stopped at a couch. It was new, Loki realized, and had replaced the one that Thor had damaged. All at once, Loki knew.

"This room... It does me no favors. It only serves to remind me of the terrible way I had treated you, the disgusting things I had said with no remorse. How you managed to stay... I do not understand." He glanced at Loki, looking for some revelation. "If anyone had spoken to me the way I had to you, I would have killed him."

This was good, Loki told himself. Thor was not denying or trying to hide from his past actions. Even still, he could not have Thor stuck in the past, afraid to move forward again.

Letting out a breath, Loki walked in the opposite direction until he also circled the room and came to stand close to Thor, his fingers idly brushing along the surfaces of furniture.

"I would be lying if I said I had not often dreamed of sinking a well deserved knife in your back, but what would that accomplish? I did not come here for revenge, I came for the benefit of my people. It was that which grounded me, and allowed me to endure."

Thor actually gave Loki a fond smile. "You are far stronger than I. It astonishes me."

Loki cursed at the little flutter his stomach made.

"Would it balance the scales if I surrendered to whatever punishment you would give me?"

Loki felt his mouth drop open, shocked that Thor would even say such a thing. Looking him over, Loki realized how tired Thor was, how dejected his stance was, leaning on the back of the couch as if he could barely stand, yet gazing hungrily at Loki with such an intensity and expectation that Loki did not know how to handle it.

Loki shook himself from his stupor and crossed the space to place his hands on Thor's head.

"No, I am not going to punish you, Thor. It would not help matters to 'get even.' That is not how I want to restart our marriage."

Thor shook his head, unhappy. "I feel I must do something! How can I redeem myself in your eyes?"

"You wish to redeem yourself?" Loki demanded, using a sterner tone, for he had had enough of this idiocy. "Stop denying me my due! Just love me, you fool!"

Neither moved, caught up in the strangeness of it. They had started off in fear and hatred, brought together to heal two decades of hurt that had started with the twisting of Thor's heart. Now Loki wondered how he had already grown feelings for this... this blind oaf. The Thor who had accompanied him back to the palace was not the same one who had stood in this very room and promised to destroy all that he had held dear. Loki knew he should still be wary of this Thor, yet the memory of holding the warrior while he sobbed his broken heart out was still fresh, and predominant.

This Thor was gazing at him as if he were the clear skies after a storm, or the first glimpse of a perfect work of art. It was disconcerting and made Loki weak, a flush creeping up his cheeks as he



realized he had revealed everything about his own mind.

Loki dropped his hands, but Thor caught them.

"Do you... still wish for my love? Even after all I have done?"

Thor sounded lost, and in awe, barely speaking above a whisper. He had asked Loki to marry him, but had not dared to hope that he would be given such a gift without first earning it.

Now Loki was sure that his face was a deep indigo, but he clenched his jaw and stubbornly refused to back down.

"I do. I've come this far, if you think I am going to shrink away just because I have been hurt in the past then you are sadly mistaken, Thor Odinson!"

By the time Loki was finished, Thor was smiling broadly, hope rekindled in his eyes. His chest rumbled with delighted laughter and he kissed both of Loki's hands before dragging him into a crushing embrace.

Loki only struggled a moment before he relaxed, bearing Thor's weight and wrapping his arms about his neck.

"You reek, husband," he grumbled after a moment, causing Thor to laugh again.

"Aye, that I do. Would you join me for bath? I will moderate the temperature for you, as I should have before."

Loki felt like fainting, that Thor had remembered he could not sit in hot water. He was going to have to get used to this improved Thor who was attentive to his needs. Loki decided he deserved to be pampered.

"I... I would like that very much."

Loki noticed how Thor still seemed tense in the rooms, even flinching slightly from their shared bed and the memories it contained. Loki thought it over as he removed the ruined clothes from his worn out limbs, dumping them in a pile as he heard Thor begin to fill the large tub.

When he entered the washroom with not a stitch on, he caught the double glance and the fierce blush on Thor's face and felt more confident in himself. Doing nothing to alleviate Thor's suffering, Loki placed himself on a stool and spread his legs in a more comfortable position, his entire body on display.

"I believe I have a solution to your distaste in our rooms. There are too many bad memories here. We ought to start fresh, like we had respoken our vows before your father."

Thor just nodded silently while he checked the temperature of the water.

"So, why not redecorate? Get rid of all the decor and furniture and start over? I never had a chance to decide what I wanted in our chambers anyway. What do you think?"

Deciding the water was right, Thor began to remove his clothes. Loki felt his mouth grow dry at the sight of all that golden skin, but he kept a steady face.

Thor hesitated only a moment. "Would you... bring some things from your home? Our rooms should reflect some of your heritage as well, should it not?"

Loki blinked a few times before smiling, feeling warmed down to his toes. Getting up from his stool he leaned in to his husband and placed a kiss on his cheek.

"That would be lovely, Thor. I think I can accomplish the blending of our realms."

Thor beamed, as glad as a puppy that he has done something right. He did not object when Loki tugged him into the tub and sat in his lap, the water just shy of warm for him, but perfect for Loki. Together they washed the dirt and sweat from each other's bodies, and sometimes Loki picked out a twig from Thor's hair.

They did not hurry, or grow too impatient, shyly exploring each other in a way they had not been able to before. Barriers had been removed that day, many of them psychological. Thor was learning how beautiful Loki was, and felt none of the hatred for the blue skin or raised lines as he had before. Even the crimson eyes held fresh depths that he discovered each time Loki met his gaze over the bubbles. There was a charge to the air, not unlike the kind before a storm, and Thor liked it.

Somehow it turned into kissing, little brushes of their lips over freshly washed skin, though it was heating up the air between them. They had never kissed like that before, with slow determination, allowing their lips to explore as an extension of their fingers. Thor was tracing the clan lines on Loki's arms and torso, following them over the shoulders and to his back, fascinated by the way they swirled and curved. Loki shivered at the sensitive touches, pressing closer until his lips rested on the dip in Thor's collar bone.

Then Thor gave a slight moan and Loki slipped his hands beneath the water. Becoming more devious, Loki used his teeth, scraping them along the thick muscle of Thor's neck, dragging out a louder and deeper groan. Large hands settled on Loki's hips and squeezed.

"L-Loki," came Thor's strained whisper. "Are you sure? May I?"

Loki felt the fire pouring into his veins, hearing the wrecked voice of the thunderer ask permission for the first time. It made him feel powerful, able to give or take as he saw fit. He could walk away and leave Thor wanting, if that was what he desired, and would suffer only the discomfort of his own body.

But Loki knew what he wanted, and judging by the hardness between Thor's legs, they wanted the same thing.

His mouth covered Thor's, drawing him into a kiss deeper than any they had shared, drinking in the intoxicating taste and feel of the powerful thunder god. Now he could have everything he had wanted.

Loki drew Thor's bottom lip into his mouth and sucked, releasing it with a soft pop. It took only a glance to show him that Thor's eyes were nearly consumed by black.

"Would you deny me?" Loki asked.

Thor gulped. "Norns, no!"

"Then give me what I want," Loki purred, slipping his fingers through the damp blonde hair, combing it back, watching with interest as Thor worked it out in his head and nodded.

"Anything, Loki," he breathed, reaching for Loki's mouth again, who let it be claimed.

After a time they broke apart, though they did not stray far. Thor began to explore Loki's neck with

his lips and discovered that the Jotun liked that immensely. Encouraged, he started touching and stroking more, brushing calluses over delicate skin and causing Loki to shudder. Their movements were agitating the water.

"I could never figure out," Loki tried to speak with his head tilted all the way back, "if you truly wanted me when we fucked, or if you were driven by twisted need."

Thor's arms tightened momentarily, then relaxed. "You confused me. The smallest, most delicate frost giant I had ever seen." Loki snorted in amusement, and Thor laughed with him. "It was fierce denial, truly. I thought you attractive and handsome in the back of my mind, but that only fueled my anger. I did not want to realize how badly I wanted an enemy, so I convinced myself you were ugly."

Thor tilted Loki's face back to look at him. "But you tricked me, you clever thing, didn't you? You did not allow my attentions to stray."

Loki hummed and preened like a smug cat. "That is one of my talents, yes."

Thor laughed and kissed him. "It worked, and was part of the reason why I was so angry with you all the time."

"And now?" Loki asked, smoothing his palms along the impressive chest.

"Now... I wish to show you how good I can be."

Loki's face fell slightly, his shoulders tensing and Thor wondered what he had said that was wrong.

"Yes, there is that. Obviously you need to make up for your lack of decorum before. But do you want *me*?"

Smiling, Thor drew Loki closer, the tips of their noses almost touching.

"More than I've wanted anyone."

Loki felt one eye brow rise in consternation. "Prove it," he said, and closed the distance between then once more, taking solace in lips and tongue and wet skin. Thor was happy to give until Loki's lips were swollen and his normally calm exterior was broken.

"Then take me to the bed, husband," Loki demanded, "and show me."

It was more difficult in the process of actually getting out of the tub and half drying both of them, but the fever did not diminish as they stumbled together through the door and the short distance to the mattress, Loki's hands gripping those muscles he desired and Thor trying to discover how much surface area his hands could cover.

At first Thor pushed Loki down and started to press himself on top, but then his husband squealed and seized up, trying to shove Thor off while his eyes grew too wide and frightened.

"Wait! S-stop!"

Thor immediately stopped, lifting his weight so Loki could shift away. He watched as Loki covered his mouth and clenched his fists, shutting his eyes tightly as if to ward off danger.

"Loki?" Thor started to inquire, but Loki was shaking his head, flinching further away. Thor swallowed thickly, realizing too late what had happened.

After a moment Loki shook the tears from his eyes and tried to salvage the moment.

"I'm sorry! I- I just panicked, I don't know why I- so very foolish of me..."

How ridiculous, Loki thought, to first say he wanted his husband to make love to him and then have a childish fit before they even got started! He should be enjoying this moment, not remembering the way Thor used to hurt him with his rough hands, or the cold eyes that enjoyed causing him pain.

They were passed that now, so why was this not easier?!

"Loki," came Thor's surprisingly soft voice, accompanied by warm hands that rubbed Loki's shoulders and arms that helped him to relax. Thor did not get too close, waiting for Loki to calm down.

It pained him to know that he was the cause of Loki's distress, but there was no doubt in his mind that his actions had unknowingly triggered this response. So he would go slow, and wait for Loki to guide him. He did not want to hurt Loki now or ever again.

"Loki, darling, we do not have to do this now. We should wait until-"

The glare he received should have frozen him solid.

"Don't you dare! This is important, Thor! I am not as weak as you seem to think, and I...." Loki bit his lip until it hurt. "I have to know...."

Setting aside his own worries, Thor realized he would have to trust Loki in what he needed. He scooted closer on the mattress and drew Loki against his side, waiting patiently until the stiff blue body eventually thawed, leaning into him. He felt it a gift that Loki was still letting Thor touch him.

"There is no possible way," Thor muttered into the thick black hair, "in all the nine realms, for anyone to call you weak. Should a person arise who tries to claim thus, they will earn a kiss from my hammer."

That earned a shaky laugh from Loki, and a pinch on a nipple that caused Thor to yelp.

"Idiot. If anyone should be foolish enough to say that to my face you step aside and let me take care of it, else you prove them right."

Thor rubbed his sore nipple and pouted. "Yes, dear."

Loki gave a surprise peel of laughter and turned to bury his face against Thor's neck. The moment of uncertainty had passed and Loki was ready to continue what they had started, drawing his hands up the sculpted abdomen. Thor did not understand, and Loki could not tell him, how desperately he needed to know if sex would terrify him or not.

Thor hummed and remained still, letting Loki touch and squeeze as he pleased. This turned out to be a good idea, as Loki relaxed even further, shifting until he was straddling Thor's thighs, discovering his husband's body in an entirely new way. He teased and kissed and sucked on spots, discovering which ones Thor liked the most. Loki was allowed to take his time in slowly breaking Thor apart.

"Norns, Loki," Thor groaned, fighting the urge to push his hips up. "Your mouth is torture."

Pleased at that, Loki rolled his pelvis to grind against Thor, drawing a louder moan from him.

"Truly? Go on, tell me more."

Thor huffed, swallowing thickly. Stroking Loki's ego was almost as effective as stroking his cock. Though, now that the idea was in Thor's head. "Please... May I touch you?"

Loki nodded and grabbed a hand, guiding it down his stomach, making it jump, then further to his cock, both of them groaning at the contact. Loki could not even remember if Thor had ever voluntarily touched his manhood, always focusing on the cunt beneath.

Now though... oh now he would demand for Thor to touch him there, the way he was stroking him now, full and slow and painfully good. Unconsciously Loki was bucking into Thor's hand, rotating his hips in a sinuous way that was driving Thor crazy.

When Thor's fingers dipped down to part his folds, Loki dropped his face against Thor's shoulder and gasped sharply, his hot breath condensing on the golden skin. He did not even register the slight wince as his horns nicked Thor's chin.

"Fuck, that...."

"Is that good?"

"Oh yes! Keep going."

Slowly Thor used his fingers until the juices practically covered them, his ears filled with the hushed whimpers and breathy sighs from the Jotun. Then he went back to stroking the hard length, alternating between the two until Loki was a panting mess.

"No, no more," he gasped, pulling away and attempting to suck in air. Thor found the flushed face very appealing, kissing the blue cheeks softly. "Any more and I will..."

"Let me take care of you, Loki," Thor rumbled. "I want it to be the best for you."

"Hmmm, that does sound good, but I need..."

"What do you need?"

Loki kissed him slowly in answer, rubbing his slickened sex against Thor's thick and aching cock, causing the blonde head to fall back with a strangled noise.

"You. I need you."

Loki started to get off to roll onto his back, but Thor's firm hands stopped him, keeping them joined at the hips.

"No, Loki, like this. You remain here where you can control how you want it. I think you will enjoy it more."

Loki searched the blue eyes for a trick, but as it was something he had been secretly longing for he did not argue. He let the hands on his hips lift him up, and keeping the eye contact they slowly lowered him down, the sounds they made mingling in harmony.

When he was fully seated Loki growled and sank his teeth into the thick shoulder muscle, breathing heavily as he adjusted to the size inside him. This time he could get used to it, shifting and squeezing until he was sure that the memory would remain with him forever.

Then Loki started moving, bouncing experimentally, his vision becoming unfocused as the sensation and pleasure washed over him. He felt both tight and loose at the same time, letting go of all restraints and pouring out the noises that could not stay within.

All the time Thor's hands were strong and steady on him, keeping him grounded as Loki lost more and more control. Thor drank in the sight of Loki's open and trusting face, feeling it fill him with a deep satisfaction.

Loki liked this, he really did. The control he had, speeding up as he wanted to or slowing down if he got tired, took his pleasure to a different level. Dimly he was aware of the vibrations that shook the big man, the tightening of the fingers on his hips, though he no longer worried it would leave bruises. They were just strong enough, but did not hurt.

He felt more safe in Thor's arms than he ever had before, placing open mouth kisses on the thick neck until his lips were claimed by ones that tasted like summer wind and sunshine.

"So lovely," Thor murmured, chasing that elusive tongue back into Loki's mouth. He poured out more praises on his husband, who only hummed with delight, shaking with the effort of chasing pleasure.

Finally Loki could stand it no longer, his energy reserves running out. He tugged on Thor's shoulders, rolling them both over and onto their sides. Their hands remained tangled in each other's hair, their breath mingling against cheeks. Thor took the cue given and hooked Loki's leg over his own, driving into him with a goal as his palm circled Loki's cock.

Beset with both kinds of stimulation, Loki arched and clenched, taken by surprise at the ferocity of the climax. His eyes had shut tight, but Thor watched every second, marveling quietly. As Thor was about to pull out, thinking Loki was finished, the Jotun grabbed firmly onto a hip to stop him.

"No, Thor. I want all of you."

Thor's brow wrinkled in concern. "Are you certain?"

"Do you recall when you swore not to deny me?"

Thor groaned in false regret. "I envision that will come back often, won't it?"

Loki's smile was sharp. "Aye. Now finish what you started, husband."

Thor kissed him heavily, drunk with relief and love.

"As you wish, Loki."

## Chapter End Notes

Poor Loki, mistakenly thought it was easy to forget such abuse so quickly. It takes time and lots and lots of patience. And no, it's not even as quickly as this happened, but Loki has a goal, and doesn't always take the healthy way. But I have hope for these two nerds. Thank you SOSOOSOSO much for sticking with this story! Even through all the ugliness! Thank you for the honest comments, they really made me

glow with happiness.

One Epilogue left! ;D

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Thor took a deep breath at the balcony that overlooked the grand city of Asgard, taking in the scent of honey suckle and jasmine, as well as fresh water and cooking food. It was a magnificent day, and Thor had washed the city clean with a storm the night before, leaving the sky a brilliant blue simply shining with promises.

It had been twenty years since the treaty with Jotunheim, where the curse of his rage had been broken, slowly mending over the years as the realms grew closer in relations. That was in no small part due to his husband, Loki, who had arranged yearly visits for Thor to personally rebuild much of what he had destroyed.

Thor could still remember with clear guilt the accusing eyes of each family he had robbed, each smack on his face by a grieving mother, each glare from a youngling who had no father because of him. He had born it all with silence, and found that once he had shown with hard work his sincerity, the giants were eager to welcome him, never forgetting his cruel deeds, but pleased to receive recompense and closure.

King Laufey was happy both in the safe return of his youngest, and the ending of the curse. The large giant, whom Thor had mistaken for an idiot, had kissed Loki on the head and draped new gold chains over his horns, providing higher status in the eyes of their people. Loki had worn them proudly to bed that night, his jewelry tinkling lightly as he bounced on his husband's lap. Loki had confessed to have missed his father, and never missed a diplomatic visit.

A soft chuckle pulled Thor from his revelry, and he did not have to turn to know who skulked behind him in the shadows.

"Come and join me, little giant," Thor called, holding out one arm that was immediately filled by a firm and agile body.

"In twenty years of marriage, you could not find a better nickname for me?" Loki asked, conforming against Thor's side. He was only half dressed in draped clothing, as the summer heat was affecting him. Loki knew he would have to dress in formal attire in a few hours, but for now welcomed the cool breeze on the balcony.

"I have many names for you, darling."

"You use that one when you wish to tease me," Loki said, his tongue tracing the shell of Thor's ear, causing the big man to shiver. "What are you contemplating out here?"

Thor took a breath and released it. "I have been thinking of my father, and what this day means to him."

"You mean the day he finally can lay down the mantle of kingship at your feet, and spend the rest of his days in the peace of your mother's garden?"

Thor nodded solemnly. "Aye. He took this long to be certain that I am ready to follow his example, and not my own pride."

Loki brushed a strand of hair from his husband's face. "Are you?"



Another sigh left Thor. "I do not know. I made such a grave mistake before. I am still paying for it."

Loki rested his cheek on a shoulder. "Aye. Only now you have me to make sure you do nothing stupid like that again."

Thor laughed heartily, fondly bringing a blue hand up to his face to kiss the back of it.

"Indeed. I thank the Norns that you had the patience to bring me back. I owe everything to you, Loki."

The Jotun fought his smile, adopting a haughty look.

"Keep up the compliments, Thor. They are in your favor."

"You know how self serving I am," Thor joked, turning enough to press a kiss to Loki's lips.

"Will you be joining me?" Loki asked, his voice sultry and suggestive, making Thor's breath hitch.

"In a moment," he replied. "I am still contemplating our eminent coronation."

Loki nodded, apparently bored with looking at the view, but indulging his husband to a quiet moment. The Jotun slipped away from Thor, but called over his shoulder as he left the balcony.

"Savor the moment, Thor. You will not have many after the baby arrives."

Thor nodded, smiling at his beloved realm...

...Before the words sank in, and he froze, hardly breathing, then spinning around to spot the vanishing corner of a green cloak.

"Baby?! What baby? Loki!"

The Jotun snickered to himself as he sped off, his husband in hot pursuit, demanding answers.

## Chapter End Notes

I love you guys. Thank you for reading! <3

My tumblr is chaos-in-the-making, if you want to send me stuff or prompt ideas, or just flail with me about our nerds. I'll be working on my Tale as Old as Time fic, and try to finish that before working on new stuff.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!